

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

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CRIME

DOES NOT PAY

AUTHORIZED
A. C. P.

CONFORMS
TO THE
COMICS
CODE

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

ALL
TRUE
CRIME
ILLUSTORIES

I'M WILLING
TO LET BYGONES
BE BYGONES BUT
CAN I TRUST YOU
TO BURY THE
HATCHET?

WHY SURE,
EXCUSE ME
A MINUTE!

THERE
HE IS, THE
GUY THAT'S
SITTING!
GIVE IT TO
HIM!

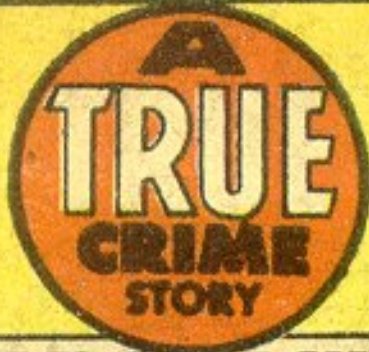
CHARLES
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LEV GLEASON
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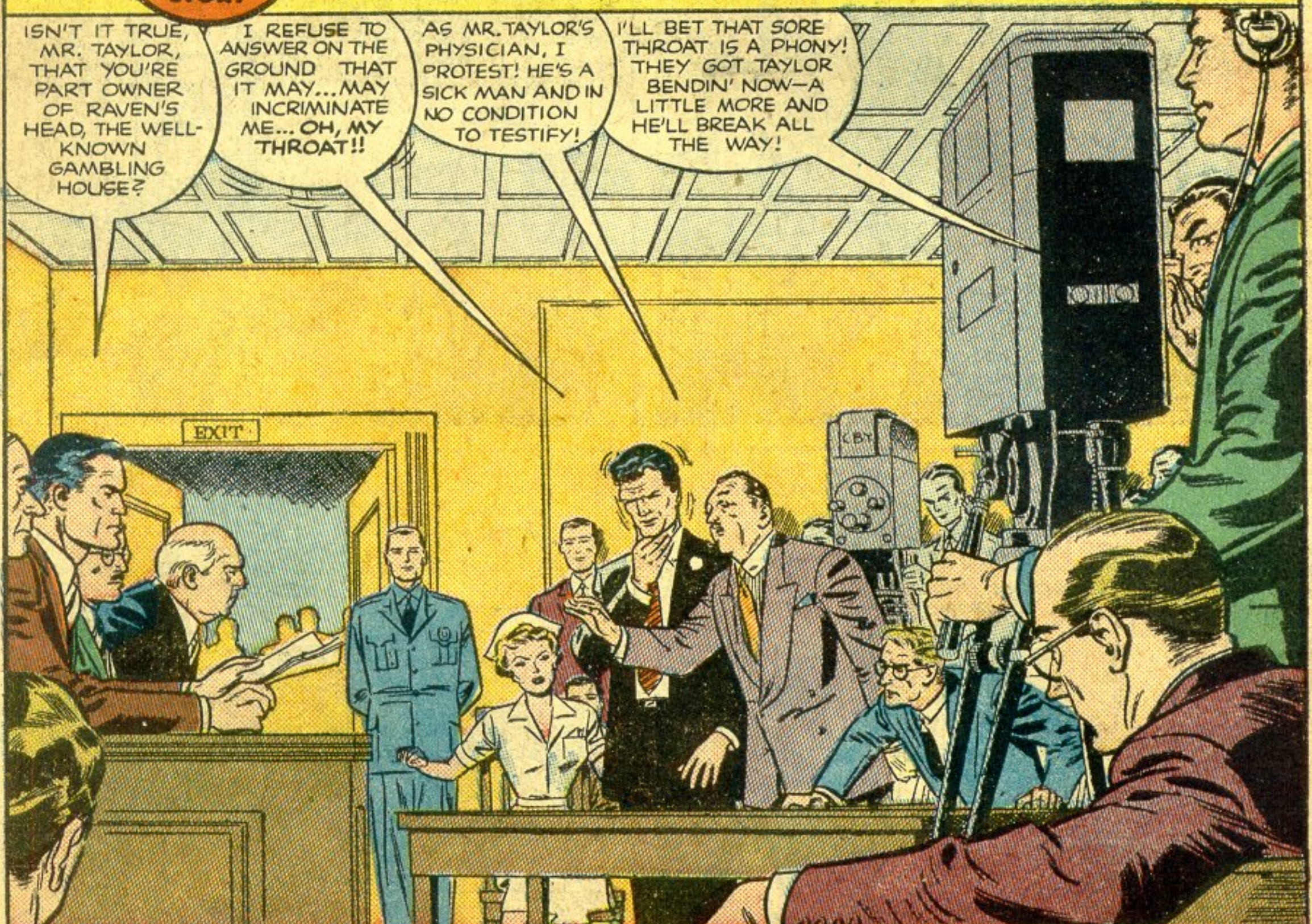




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The Last Stand Of WALTER "The Profile" TAYLOR



ISN'T IT TRUE, MR. TAYLOR, THAT YOU'RE PART OWNER OF RAVEN'S HEAD, THE WELL-KNOWN GAMBLING HOUSE?

I REFUSE TO ANSWER ON THE GROUND THAT IT MAY... MAY INCRIMINATE ME... OH, MY THROAT!!

AS MR. TAYLOR'S PHYSICIAN, I PROTEST! HE'S A SICK MAN AND IN NO CONDITION TO TESTIFY!

I'LL BET THAT SORE THROAT IS A PHONY! THEY GOT TAYLOR BENDIN' NOW—A LITTLE MORE AND HE'LL BREAK ALL THE WAY!

HANDSOME TAYLOR, NOTORIOUS LEADER OF CRIME INCORPORATED, A VICIOUS VICE MONOPOLY, IS ON THE WITNESS STAND BEFORE THE CRIME INVESTIGATORS, APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR TO PROVE ORGANIZED CRIME AND RACKETEERING ACTIVITIES WITHIN THE STATE! THIS GROUP OF PUBLIC-SPIRITED MEN IS HEADED BY THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, KIT RUSSELL, WHO IS PROVING THAT TAYLOR, LIKE ALL THE OTHER GANGSTERS, IS NOT SO TOUGH, WHEN FACED WITH EQUAL ODDS!

JUST A LITTLE MORE PRESSURE AND HE'LL SPILL OVER! LOOK AT HIM, MR. ROSS! I'VE BEEN A DETECTIVE LONG ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE ALL THE SIGNS OF A SQUEAL COMING UP!

MAYBE SO, MR. RUSSELL, BUT FOR SOME REASON PUBLIC OPINION HAS TURNED AGAINST US! SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT WE'RE JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR THE GOVERNOR'S COMING CAMPAIGN FOR RE-ELECTION! THERE'S PROBABLY NOTHING WRONG WITH TAYLOR'S THROAT, BUT WE WILL HAVE TO GRANT HIM A RECESS TILL TOMORROW JUST THE SAME!

FABULOUS, HANDSOME TAYLOR COMMITTED SUICIDE LATE LAST NIGHT! ADMINISTRATION CRITICS SAY THAT THE CRIME INVESTIGATORS BY THEIR DICTATORIAL AND BRUTAL METHODS IN FORCING TAYLOR TO TALK, WHEN OBVIOUSLY HE COULD NOT, HAVE MADE SURE THAT POLITICALLY EMBARRASSING TESTIMONY WOULD NEVER BE REVEALED!

WE'RE BEING BLAMED FOR TAYLOR'S SUICIDE! OUR ENTIRE INVESTIGATION IS IN DANGER OF BEING STOPPED NOW!

IF YOU ASK ME, IT WASN'T SUICIDE, IT WAS MURDER!

HOW DO YOU ARRIVE AT THAT, RUSSELL...



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...HE WAS SHOT THROUGH THE MOUTH, WASN'T HE?

SURE, I KNOW! AND ALL I HAVE IS A HUNCH, BUT TAYLOR WAS READY TO TALK, AND IF HE HAD, IT WOULD HAVE MEANT CURTAINS FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE! THERE WAS PLENTY OF MOTIVE!

YOU KNOW, ROSS, I'VE BEEN DEALING WITH MEN LIKE TAYLOR AND HIS KIND FOR A LONG TIME! HE WAS RUTHLESS AND EVIL, BUT HE WAS BRAVE ENOUGH IN HIS OWN TWISTED WAY! BESIDES, HE WAS NOTORIOUSLY VAIN OF BEING KNOWN AS "HANDSOME" TAYLOR, HE WOULDN'T GO SHOOTING HALF HIS FACE OFF! HE'D WANT TO LOOK GOOD EVEN IN DEATH!

I'M WITH YOU, RUSSELL! PROVE IT, AND YOU'LL SAVE OUR CRIME INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE!

COURT HO

THAT WAS ROSS, BUT YOU MISSED HIM!

RUSSELL SAVED HIM! HE'S FAST AS A CAT!

THEY DELIBERATELY TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN! DID YOU SEE THAT GIRL? SHE WAS NANCY NOLAN, TAYLOR'S NURSE!

I THINK I'LL CALL ON NANCY'S BOSS - DR. HIGGINS!

SORRY, DR. HIGGINS ISN'T SEEING ANYONE TODAY...OH, YOU'RE MR. RUSSELL! TERRIBLE THING ABOUT MR. TAYLOR, WASN'T IT?

INNOCENT MEN RARELY KILL THEMSELVES, NANCY, BUT SOMETIMES THEY ARE MURDERED! I DIDN'T COME OVER HERE TO TALK ABOUT THAT...TELL ME, DO YOU AND SMOKY RIVER MAKE A PRACTICE OF RUNNING DOWN MEN IF THEY HAPPEN TO BE ON A COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING CRIME?

GET OUT OF HERE, RUSSELL! YES, I WAS IN THAT CAR, BUT WE DIDN'T SEE THE MAN UNTIL WE WERE ALMOST ON TOP OF HIM! IT WAS HIS FAULT BUT THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU AND THE REST OF THAT COMMITTEE! YOU HOUNDED ONE MAN TO DEATH AND NOW YOU'RE STARTING ON ME! WELL, I'M NOT ON TRIAL!

NOT YET, NANCY, NOT YET!

GET OUT, COPPER! AND STAY OUT!

MISS NOLAN! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

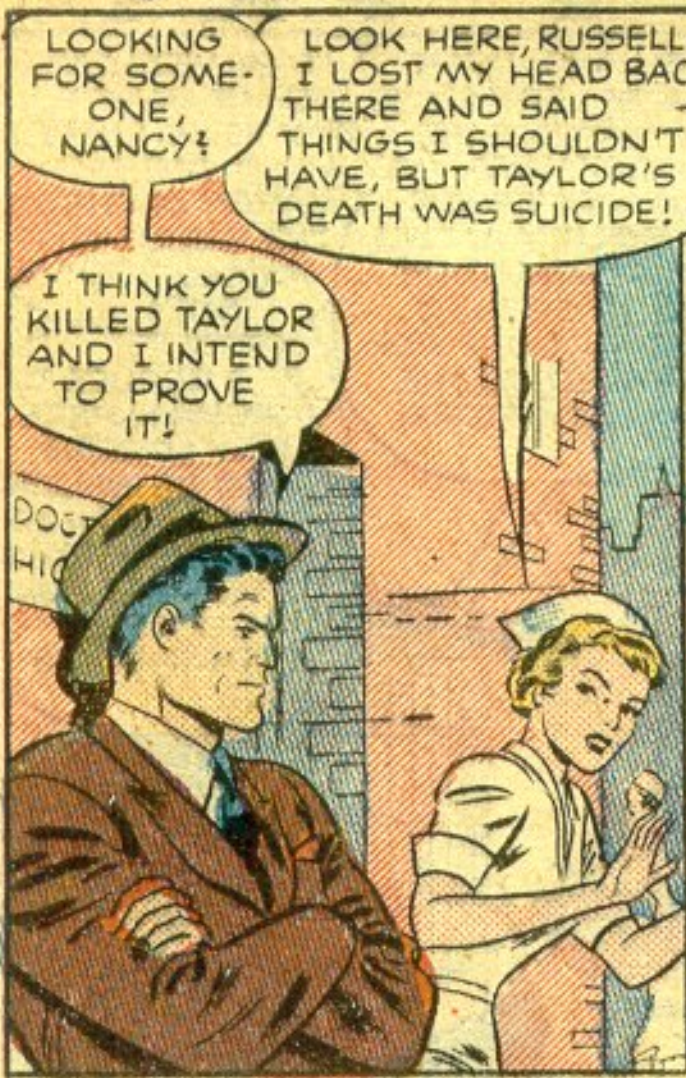
YOUR MISS NOLAN IS QUITE UNUSUAL FOR A NURSE, DOCTOR HIGGINS, EVEN FOR A PHYSICIAN WHO TREATED PEOPLE LIKE HANDSOME TAYLOR!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

THE SKUNK CLAIMS I TRIED TO RUN SOMEBODY DOWN THIS MORNING! NEXT HE'LL BE SAYING I KILLED TAYLOR!

BUT HE KILLED HIMSELF, NANCY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



LOOKING FOR SOME-ONE, NANCY?

LOOK HERE, RUSSELL... I LOST MY HEAD BACK THERE AND SAID THINGS I SHOULDN'T HAVE, BUT TAYLOR'S DEATH WAS SUICIDE!

I THINK YOU KILLED TAYLOR AND I INTEND TO PROVE IT!



THAT COMES UNDER THE HEAD-ING OF FAMOUS LAST WORDS, COPPER! TRY TO PROVE IT!

MAYBE IT IS, MAYBE IT ISN'T! ANYWAY, I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T ANY OB-JECTIONS TO MY TALKING TO SMOKY, HAVE YOU - IF YOU'RE INNOCENT?



WELL, WE'RE REALLY LIVING THESE DAYS, SMOKY! WHAT'S THE RACKET - DOPE OR MURDER? OR MAYBE A COMBINATION?

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, RUSSELL? GET TO THE POINT FAST! YOU WORE OUT YOUR WELCOME BEFORE YOU ARRIVED!



NANCY MUST HAVE LET YOU KNOW I WAS COMING, DIDN'T SHE? THAT'S A CUTE DAME YOU'VE ADDED TO YOUR COLLECTION, SMOKY! MIGHTY HIGH CLASS EVEN FOR ALL THIS PLUSH!

YOU LEAVE NANCY OUT OF THIS, SEE? WE'RE LEGITIMATE... WE'RE GOIN' TO GET MARRIED!



THAT'S TOUCHING! LEGITIMATE, EH? WHAT DID TAYLOR STEP OUT FOR? TO PROVIDE FOR HER? DON'T KID ME, SMOKY! YOU DIDN'T GET THIS LAYOUT ALL BY YOURSELF! YOU WERE ALWAYS SMALL TIME STUFF!

SHUT UP, YOU CHEAP FLAT-FOOT!



THAT'S ONE THING YOU AND NANCY HAVE IN COMMON, SMOKY, YOU BOTH LIKE TO THROW THINGS - AT ME!

THE ONLY THING I WANT TO THROW AT YOU IS A BELLYFUL OF LEAD! UGH!

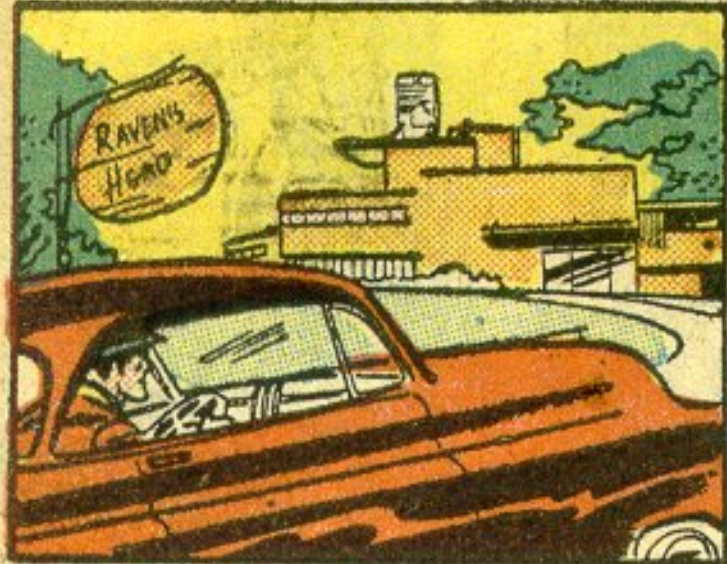


IF YOUR PRECIOUS NANCY DIDN'T KILL TAYLOR, SMOKY, I'LL GIVE ODDS YOU DID!

I'LL TAKE THAT BET ... AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE ODDS!

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RUSSELL KNEW THAT IF HE COULD TURN NANCY AND SMOKY AGAINST EACH OTHER, ONE OF THEM WOULD TALK, BUT DAYS PASSED AND NOTHING HAPPENED! IN THE MEAN-TIME, PRESSURE TO DISBAND THE INVESTIGATORS GREW, AND THE GOVERNOR BEGAN TO SHOW SIGNS OF GIVING IN TO THIS PRESSURE! IN DESPERATION, RUSSELL FINALLY ARRANGED ANOTHER MEETING WITH DR. HIGGINS AND THEY MET AT THE SWANKY RAVEN'S HEAD ROAD-HOUSE...



LET'S FACE IT, DOCTOR! TAYLOR WAS MURDERED! I THINK YOU AND DOAN, YOUR PAL HERE, KNOW HOW!



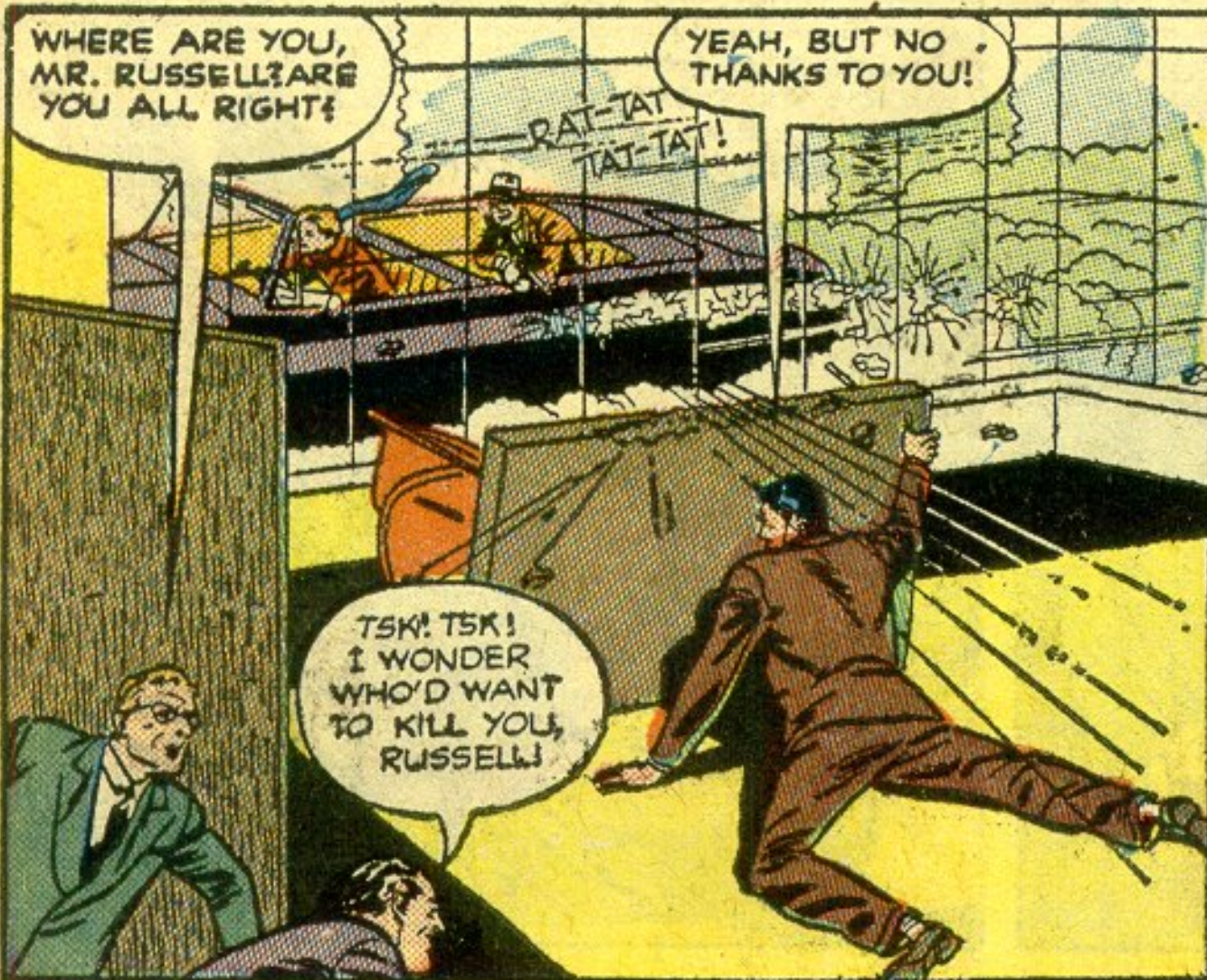
I KNOW NO SUCH THING! AND TO IMPLY THAT NANCY WAS INVOLVED... IS EQUALLY INCREDIBLE!

DON'T FORGET, HIGGINS, RUSSELL ALSO ADMITS HE IS SUSPICIOUS OF SMOKY RIVER! FOR MY MONEY THAT'S MORE LIKELY! OF COURSE, THAT'S ADMITTING TAYLOR WAS MURDERED, WHICH I DON'T... NOT YET, ANYWAY!

YOU AND DOAN WERE VERY CLOSE TO TAYLOR... HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THINGS ABOUT YOU TWO THAT WOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED SO GOOD IF REVEALED TO THE INVESTIGATORS!

I'D BE VERY CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU SAY TO US, RUSSELL! A SUIT FOR DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER WOULD COST YOU ALL YOU'VE GOT!

I REFUSE TO REMAIN HERE ANY LONGER AND BE INSULTED! I WAS AGAINST THIS MEETING IN THE FIRST PLACE! YOU KNEW THAT-DOAN!



WHERE ARE YOU, MR. RUSSELL? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

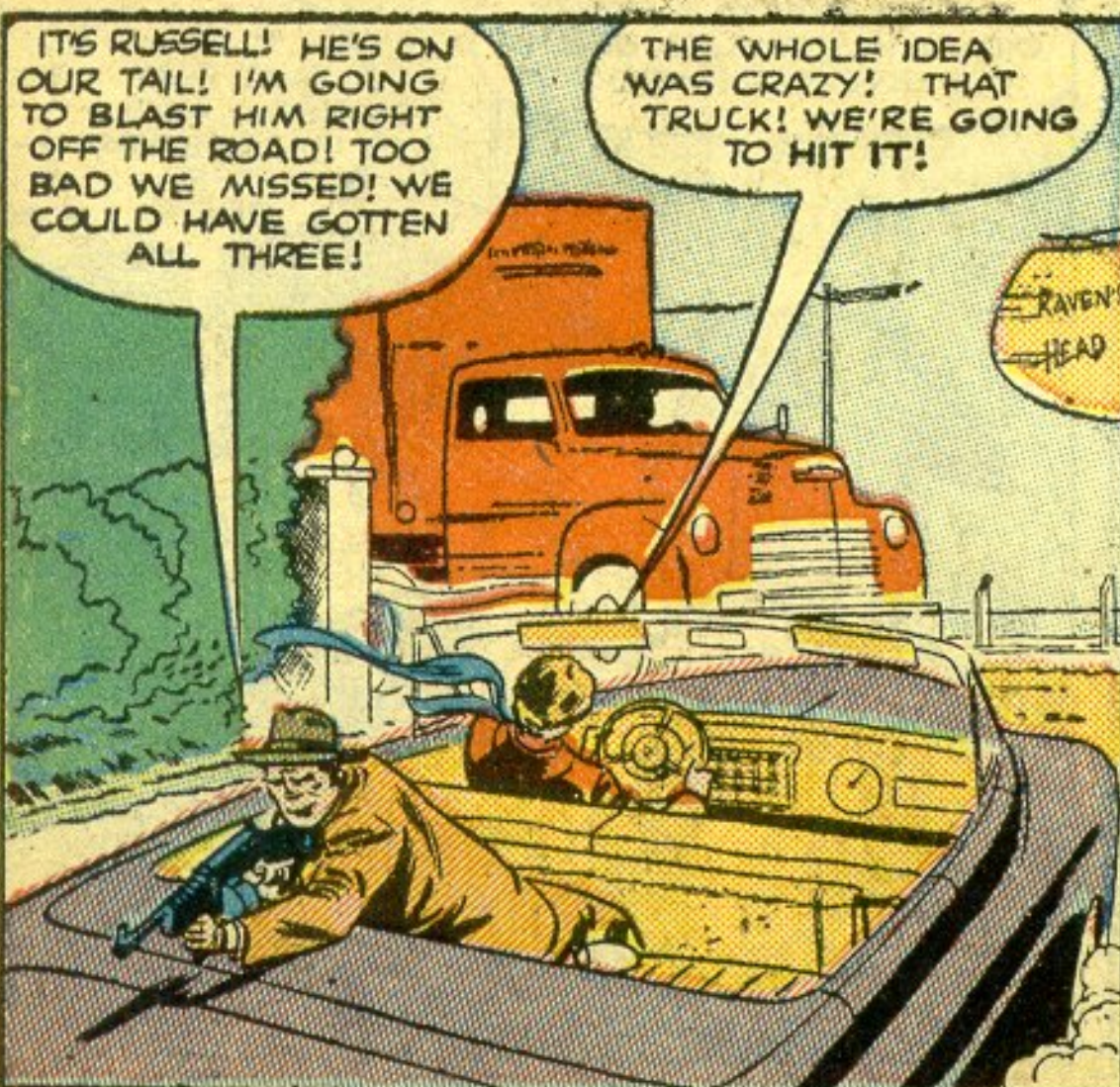
YEAH, BUT NO THANKS TO YOU!

RAT-TAT TAT-TAT!

TSK! TSK! I WONDER WHO'D WANT TO KILL YOU, RUSSELL!



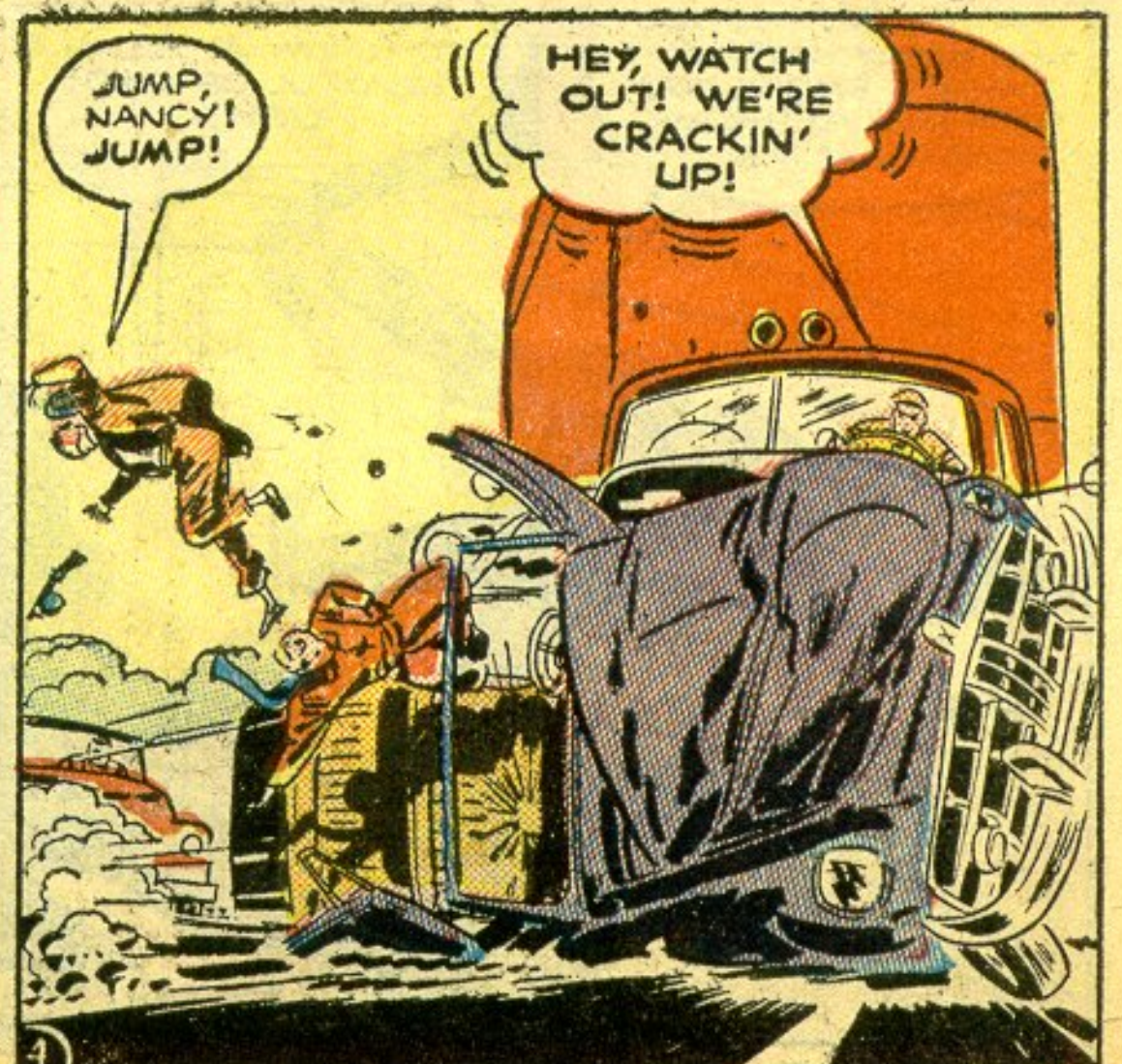
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT THE WHOLE THING WAS ARRANGED BETWEEN THE FOUR OF THEM! HIGGINS AND DOAN HAD THEMSELVES WELL PROTECTED BEFORE THE SHOOTING BEGAN! THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! IF ONLY I CAN CATCH UP WITH THEM BEFORE THEY MANAGE TO DITCH THAT MACHINE! THERE THEY ARE!



IT'S RUSSELL! HE'S ON OUR TAIL! I'M GOING TO BLAST HIM RIGHT OFF THE ROAD! TOO BAD WE MISSED! WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN ALL THREE!

THE WHOLE IDEA WAS CRAZY! THAT TRUCK! WE'RE GOING TO HIT IT!

RAVEN'S HEAD



JUMP, NANCY! JUMP!

HEY, WATCH OUT! WE'RE CRACKIN' UP!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



IT WASN'T MY FAULT, MISTER! YOU SAW THE WHOLE THING...

ARE THEY DEAD?

SMOKY IS, BUT NANCY IS ALIVE! SHE LOOKS PRETTY WELL BANGED UP, THOUGH!

WE'VE ALREADY CALLED AN AMBULANCE! I HEARD THE CRASH AND THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS YOUR CAR THAT WAS INVOLVED!



I'M GOING RIGHT ON TO THE HOSPITAL TO BE THERE WHEN NANCY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS! SHE SHOULD TALK NOW AND PLENTY!

I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE FOR BOTH OF US!

AS HER DOCTOR I MUST WARN YOU THAT ANY UNDUE EXCITEMENT RIGHT NOW COULD BE FATAL! YOU KEEP AWAY FROM HER, RUSSELL!

THE DOCTOR SHOULD KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR HER!



WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT HOSPITAL BEFORE RUSSELL DOES!

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? NANCY WILL BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR A WHILE YET! THERE'S NO RUSH...NOW!



BUT I UNDERSTAND SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS! I'M HER DOCTOR AS WELL AS HER EMPLOYER AND FRIEND! I WANT TO MAKE SURE SHE'S ALL RIGHT! THE CHIEF SURGEON HAS GIVEN ME HIS PERMISSION!

SORRY, DOC! GOT MY ORDERS, CHIEF SURGEON OR NO! NOBODY GOES IN THERE!



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I SHALL REPORT THIS AT ONCE TO THE DIRECTOR!

WHAT GOES ON HERE ANYWAY?

NOTHIN', MAC! JUST SOMEBODY TRYIN' TO BARGE IN WHERE HE ISN'T WANTED! AND YOU'D BETTER GO PEDDLE YOUR SLIPPERS SOMEPLACE ELSE, TOO!



UGH!



THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM ON ICE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FINISH THE JOB, CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND GET OUT OF HERE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



NOW FOR YOU, NANCY! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE... YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANOTHER CHANCE TO DO MORE!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!



SO IT WAS YOU AFTER ALL, DOAN!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PIN ANYTHING ON ME! I DIDN'T KILL TAYLOR! IT WAS NANCY! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT RAVEN'S HEAD! IT WASN'T YOU SHE WAS AFTER! IT WAS US! WE KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT HER!

CLICK!

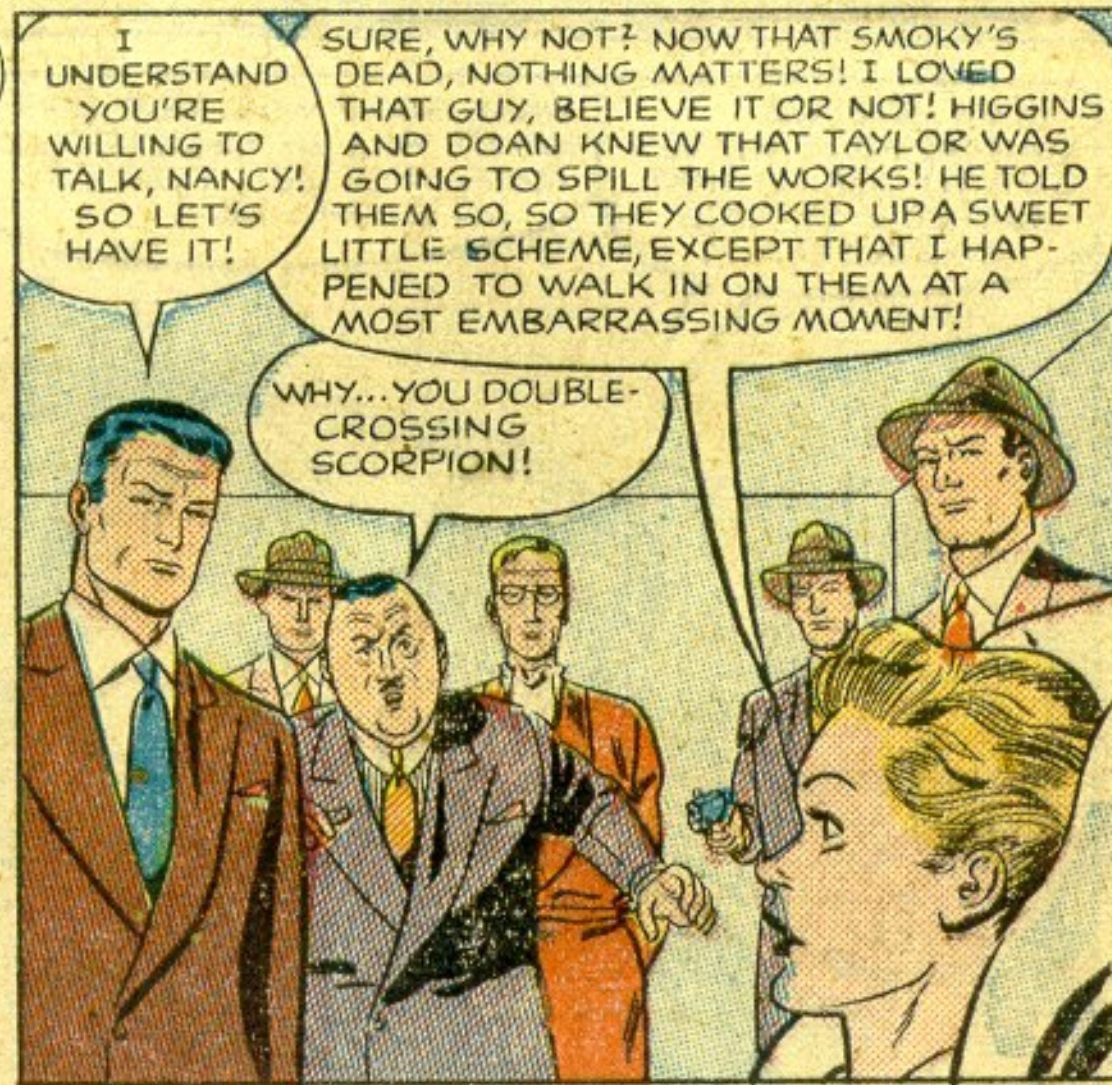


YOU TOLD ME TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIGGINS AND I DO, SO I GET KNOCKED OUT BY THE OTHER GOON!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? WHY WAS I DRAGGED BACK HERE FROM THE CHIEF PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE? AND WHY IS DOAN DRESSED LIKE THAT? HE ISN'T SICK IS HE?

YOU KNOW WHY I'M DRESSED LIKE THIS! IT WAS YOUR IDEA!

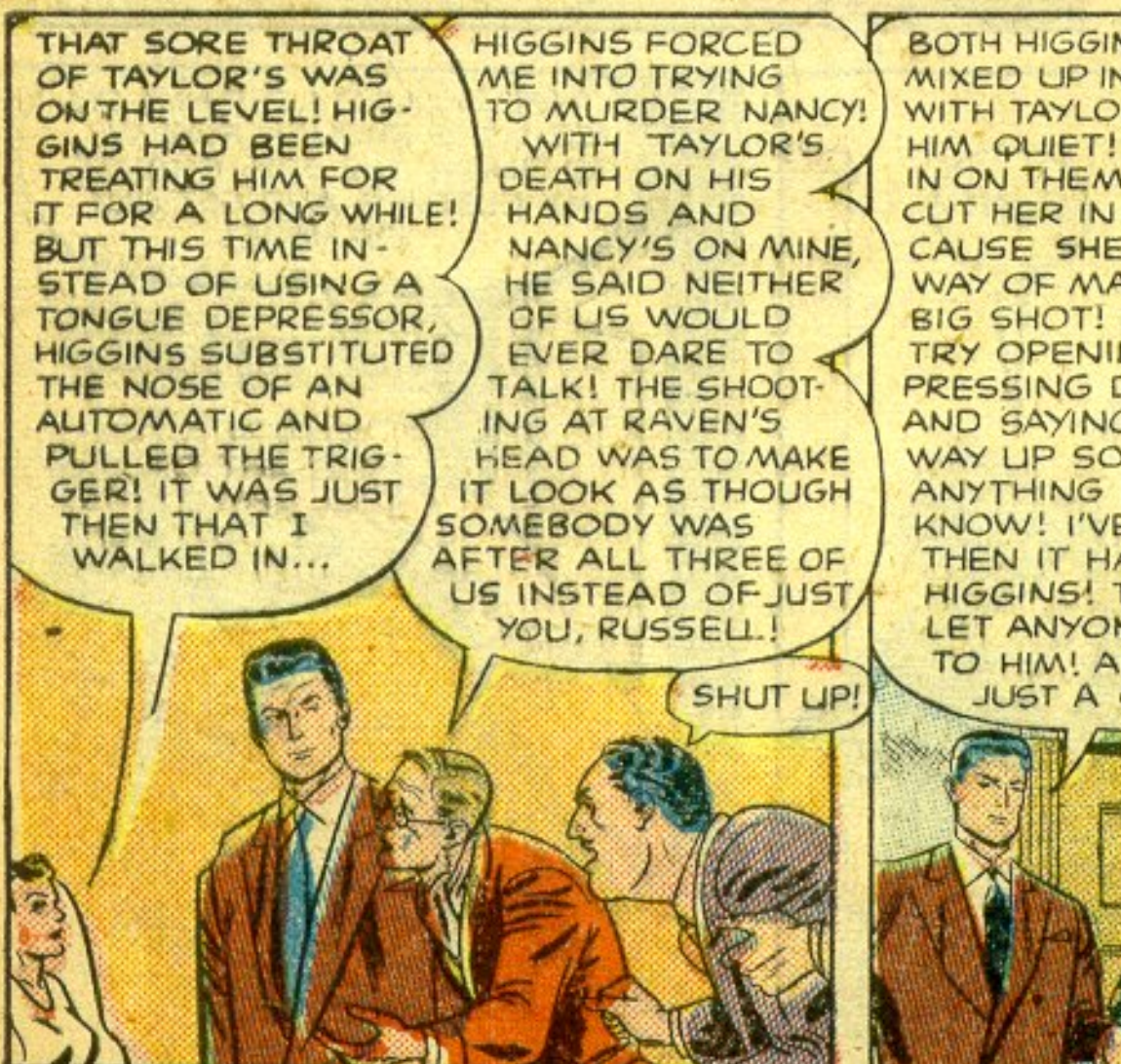
STOW IT, BOTH OF YOU! I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT NANCY IS READY AND WILLING TO TALK! SHE'S IN ANOTHER ROOM...



I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE WILLING TO TALK, NANCY! SO LET'S HAVE IT!

SURE, WHY NOT? NOW THAT SMOKY'S DEAD, NOTHING MATTERS! I LOVED THAT GUY, BELIEVE IT OR NOT! HIGGINS AND DOAN KNEW THAT TAYLOR WAS GOING TO SPILL THE WORKS! HE TOLD THEM SO, SO THEY COOKED UP A SWEET LITTLE SCHEME, EXCEPT THAT I HAPPENED TO WALK IN ON THEM AT A MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT!

WHY... YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING SCORPION!



THAT SORE THROAT OF TAYLOR'S WAS ON THE LEVEL! HIGGINS HAD BEEN TREATING HIM FOR IT FOR A LONG WHILE! BUT THIS TIME INSTEAD OF USING A TONGUE DEPRESSOR, HIGGINS SUBSTITUTED THE NOSE OF AN AUTOMATIC AND PULLED THE TRIGGER! IT WAS JUST THEN THAT I WALKED IN...

HIGGINS FORCED ME INTO TRYING TO MURDER NANCY! WITH TAYLOR'S DEATH ON HIS HANDS AND NANCY'S ON MINE, HE SAID NEITHER OF US WOULD EVER DARE TO TALK! THE SHOOTING AT RAVEN'S HEAD WAS TO MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH SOMEBODY WAS AFTER ALL THREE OF US INSTEAD OF JUST YOU, RUSSELL!

SHUT UP!



BOTH HIGGINS AND DOAN WERE MIXED UP IN GAMBLING AND DOPE WITH TAYLOR! THEY HAD TO KEEP HIM QUIET! WHEN NANCY WALKED IN ON THEM THEY WERE FORCED TO CUT HER IN! SHE ACCEPTED BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT SHE SAW A WAY OF MAKING SMOKY A REAL BIG SHOT! ONE OTHER THING! JUST TRY OPENING YOUR MOUTH, PRESSING DOWN YOUR TONGUE AND SAYING "AH"! YOUR EYES GO WAY UP SO THAT YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING IN FRONT OF YOU! I KNOW! I'VE TRIED IT! I KNEW THEN IT HAD TO BE NANCY OR HIGGINS! TAYLOR WOULDN'T LET ANYONE ELSE THAT CLOSE TO HIM! AFTER THAT IT WAS JUST A CASE OF PROVING IT!



YOU'VE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB, RUSSELL! THE GOVERNOR WANTS TO THANK YOU PERSONALLY! NOTHING CAN STOP THE CRIME INVESTIGATORS NOW!

THANKS, ROSS! NOTHING WILL EVER STOP THE CRIME INVESTIGATORS!

THE END

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO WAY AFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON FACT.

For
Externally
Caused

PIMPLES

Try This New Cream *Free*



We Make No Claims . . .

We Want You To Use TRI-SON-OL

To Help Relieve Discomforts of ITCH and IRRITATION

YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR NO COST!

This is without doubt the strangest advertisement you ever read. No one ever dared to make this offer . . . no one, as far as we know, ever asked the public to use their product without risking a single cent. We are not going to give you a lot of hocus-pocus. We are not making a lot of wild statements. We want you to try TRI-SON-OL and find out for yourself just what it does. We want you to learn, through use, how easily and safely TRI-SON-OL helps relieve discomforts of "itch" and "irritation." We have faith in TRI-SON-OL . . . the acid test—is for you to use it. Only then do you get real proof of the help you are seeking to help relieve skin irritations that are externally caused. You must admit you have everything to gain and nothing to lose because TRI-SON-OL is harmless and safe. All we ask is that you send for TRI-SON-OL so you can be the judge at our risk.

Why You Should Try TRI-SON-OL

TRI-SON-OL products contain ingredients recommended by leading dermatologists for their soothing bland effect on sensitive skin. TRI-SON-OL is a two-way formula. The skin cleanser is specially prepared to remove the accumulation of unwanted dust, dirt, and grime. These are gently and safely lifted off, revealing a more radiant, softer under-skin. Thus your skin has smoother surface. TRI-SON-OL skin cream applied after removing the cleanser often takes with it the accumulation of dead cells and lack lustre skin.



Our Guarantee

We guarantee you, and you alone are the sole judge, as to the value of TRI-SON-OL. Only if you are pleased do you pay us the introductory price of \$1.98. If dissatisfied, do not return anything . . . just ask for your money back and we will make full refund immediately with no questions asked.

Rush Coupon For Trial Offer

Send No Money!

We want everyone who suffers from discomforts due to externally caused pimples to use TRI-SON-OL without risking a single cent. All you have to do is sign your name and address to the coupon and drop it in the mail to us. We will send your TRI-SON-OL package (in plain wrapper) by return mail. Pay the postman only \$1.98, plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Use TRI-SON-OL 10 days and if you are not delighted, write and tell us so . . . return nothing . . . just write and we refund your money, including the postage charges. If you prefer to send \$2.00 now, you save the postage but enjoy the same money back guarantee.

THE TRI-SON-OL COMPANY, Dept. 311
505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

I accept your offer. Send TRI-SON-OL for me to try for 10 days. If I am not delighted I will write and ask for my money back, including the postage which you will refund at once.

- Send C.O.D. \$1.98 plus postage. } Check
 Enclosed find \$2.00 in full payment. } offer desired

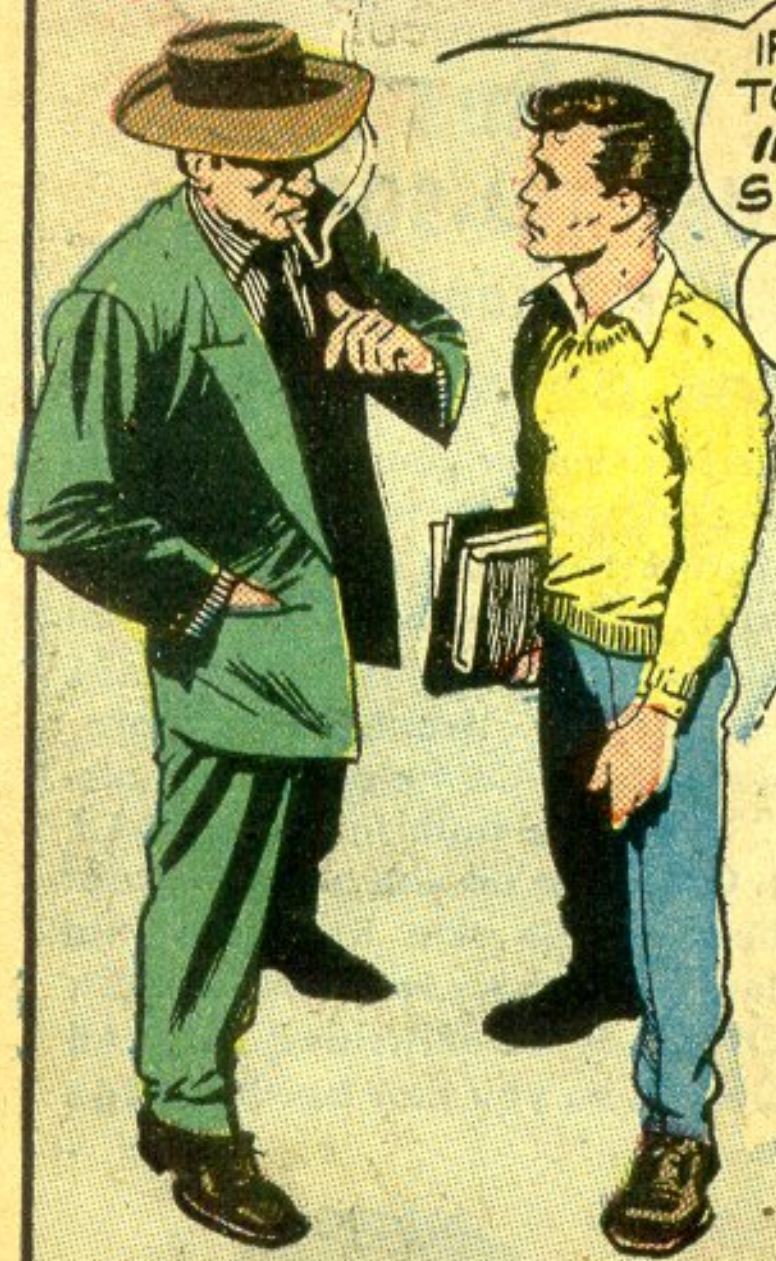
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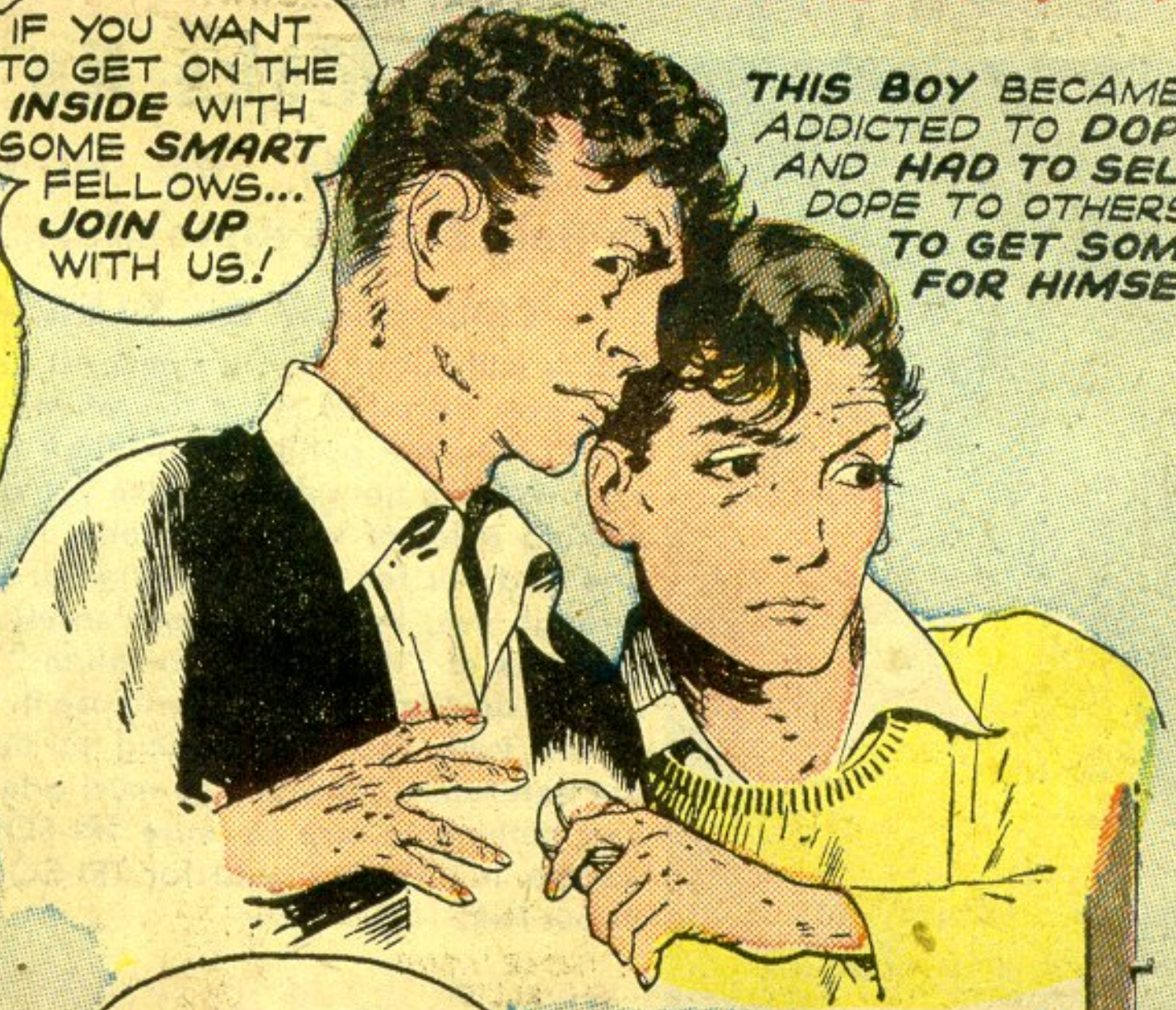
THE TRI-SON-OL COMPANY
505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WE CAN STOP the ENEMIES OF YOUTH



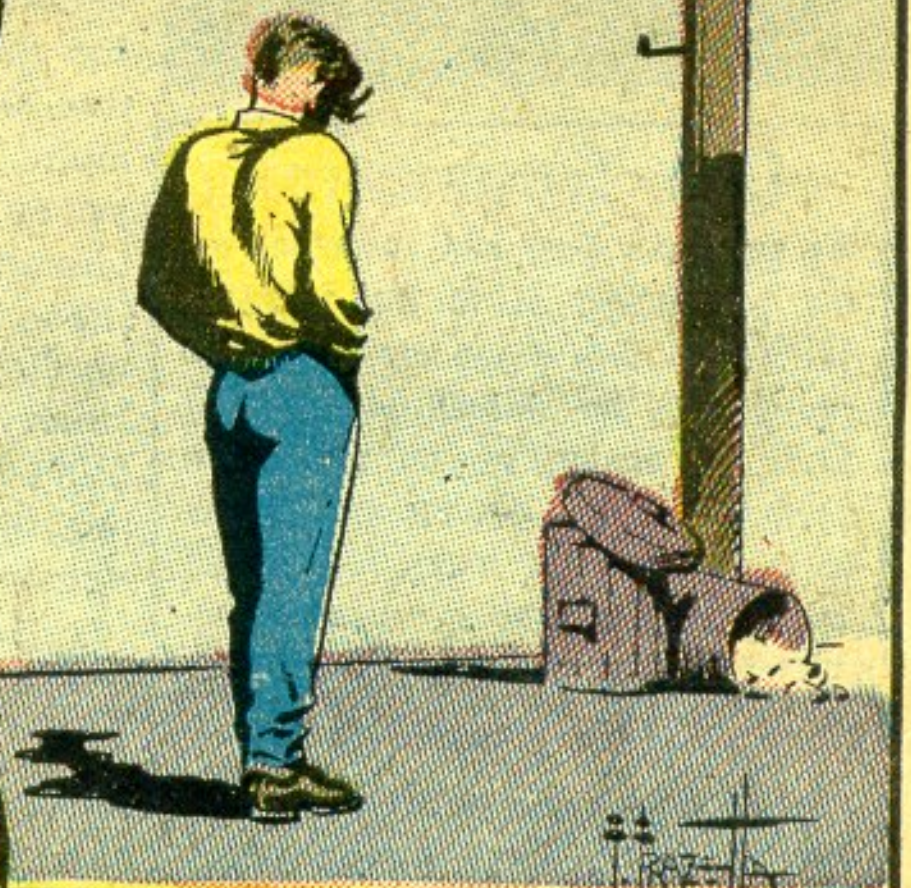
IF YOU WANT
TO GET ON THE
INSIDE WITH
SOME **SMART**
FELLOWS...
JOIN UP
WITH US!

**THIS BOY BECAME
ADDICTED TO DOPE
AND HAD TO SELL
DOPE TO OTHERS
TO GET SOME
FOR HIMSELF..**



**HE'S A DOPE
FIEND! WE'D
BETTER KEEP
AWAY FROM
HIM!**

**SICK AND
DESPERATE,
THE BOY
ROVED FROM
PLACE TO
PLACE,
SEEKING
DOPE AND
GIVING UP
HIS TRUE
FRIENDS AND
COMPANIONS...**



**THE DOPE MENACE IS INJURING OUR YOUTH... GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN ARE
ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHT TO HAPPINESS BY CRUEL AND DANGEROUS
CHARACTERS WHO INDUCE THEM TO FALL PREY TO DOPE... ALL YOUNG
MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD REPORT DOPE PEDDLERS TO THEIR PARENTS,
THEIR CLERGYMEN, THEIR TEACHERS, THE POLICE, OR THE NEAREST SOCIAL
SERVICE AGENCY... THE COMICS MAGAZINE INDUSTRY PLEDGES ITSELF
TO AID YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH--
THE DOPE PEDDLERS...**

PREPARED THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF NEW YORK CITY YOUTH BOARD AND
THE ASSOCIATION OF COMICS MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS...

A TRUE CRIME STORY

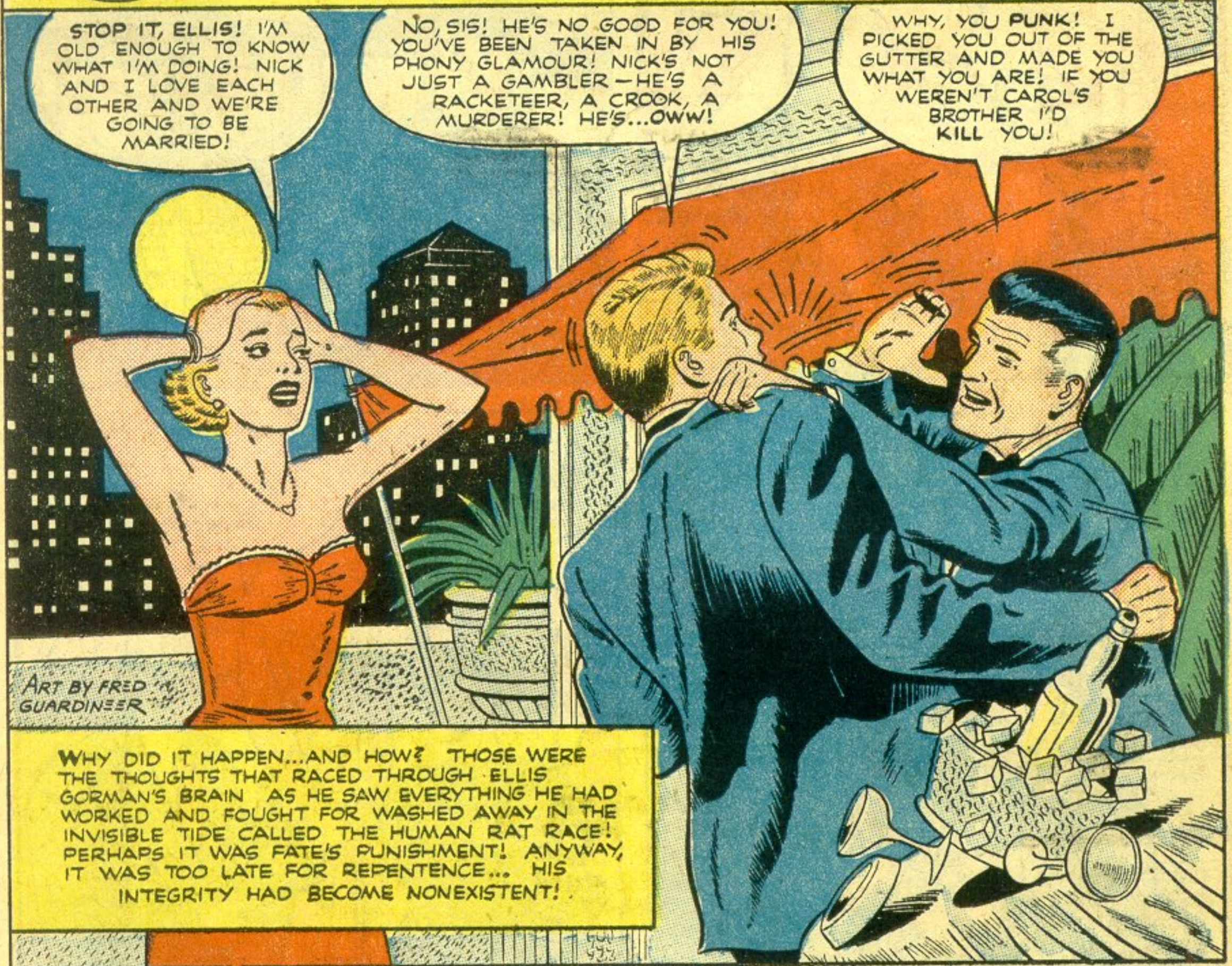
CROOKED MOUTHPIECE

WHEN ATTORNEY ELLIS GORMAN TURNED HIS BACK ON HIS PRINCIPLES AND ETHICS, GRIM TRAGEDY STEPPED IN!

STOP IT, ELLIS! I'M OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! NICK AND I LOVE EACH OTHER AND WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED!

NO, SIS! HE'S NO GOOD FOR YOU! YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN IN BY HIS PHONY GLAMOUR! NICK'S NOT JUST A GAMBLER—HE'S A RACKETEER, A CROOK, A MURDERER! HE'S...OWW!

WHY, YOU PUNK! I PICKED YOU OUT OF THE GUTTER AND MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE! IF YOU WEREN'T CAROL'S BROTHER I'D KILL YOU!



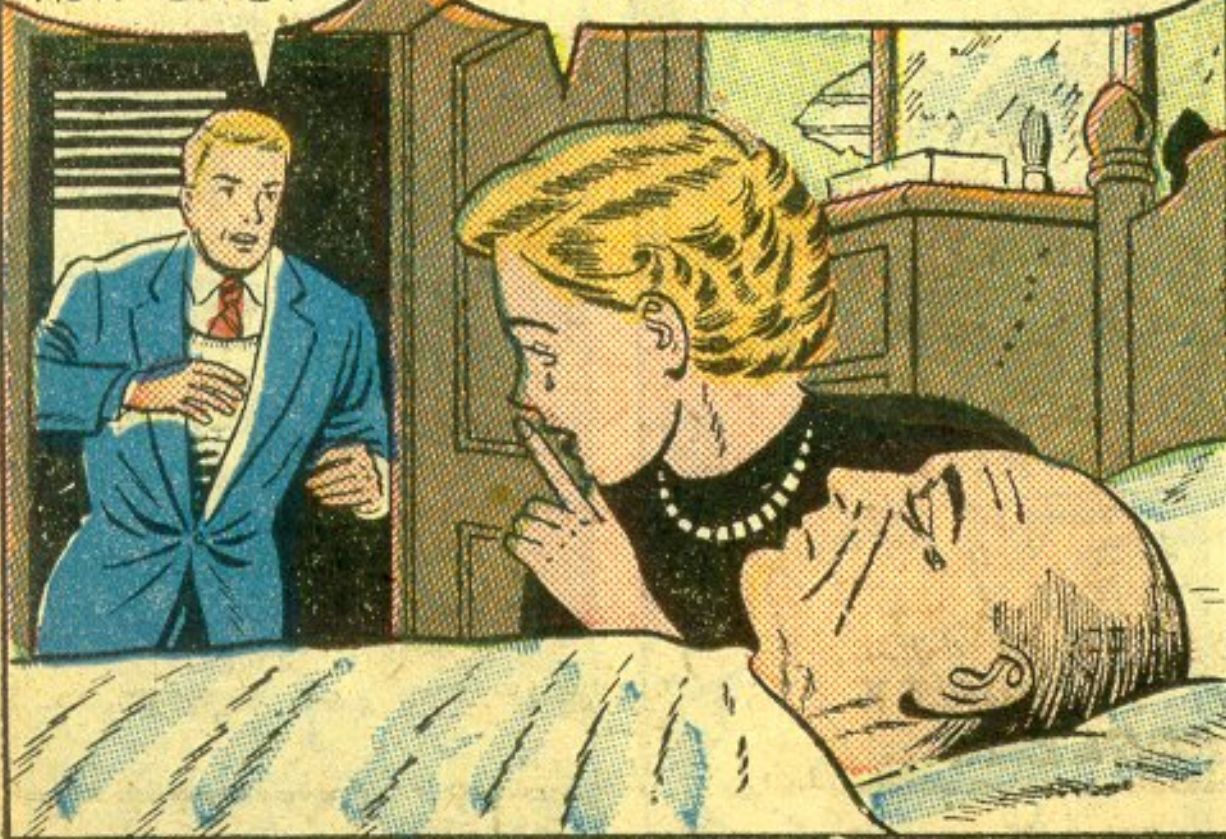
ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

WHY DID IT HAPPEN...AND HOW? THOSE WERE THE THOUGHTS THAT RACED THROUGH ELLIS GORMAN'S BRAIN AS HE SAW EVERYTHING HE HAD WORKED AND FOUGHT FOR WASHED AWAY IN THE INVISIBLE TIDE CALLED THE HUMAN RAT RACE! PERHAPS IT WAS FATE'S PUNISHMENT! ANYWAY, IT WAS TOO LATE FOR REPENTENCE... HIS INTEGRITY HAD BECOME NONEXISTENT!

IT ALL STARTED ONE DAY IN 1943, WHEN ELLIS WAS CALLED FROM HIS COLLEGE LAW CLASS BY HIS SISTER, CAROL...

WHAT HAPPENED, CAROL? DAD—HOW IS HE?

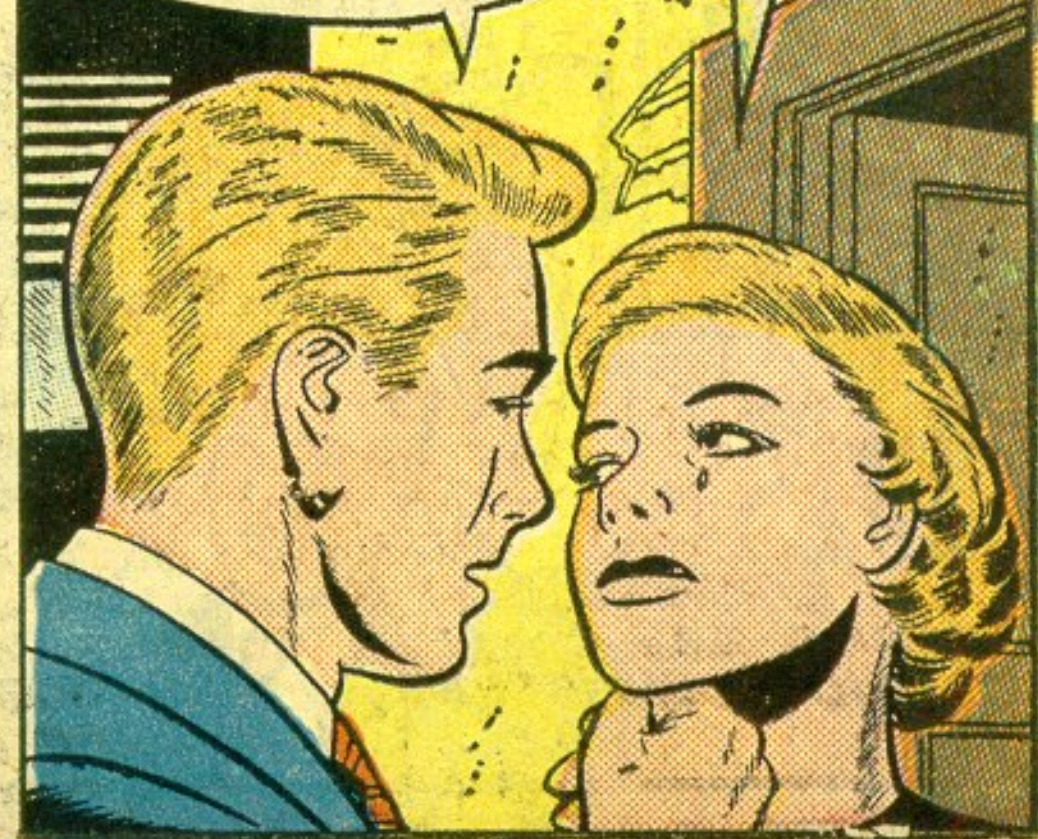
SHH...HE'S RESTING! HE FAINED AT THE FACTORY! THE DOCTOR SAYS IT'S HIS HEART! OH, ELLIS, WHAT'LL WE DO?



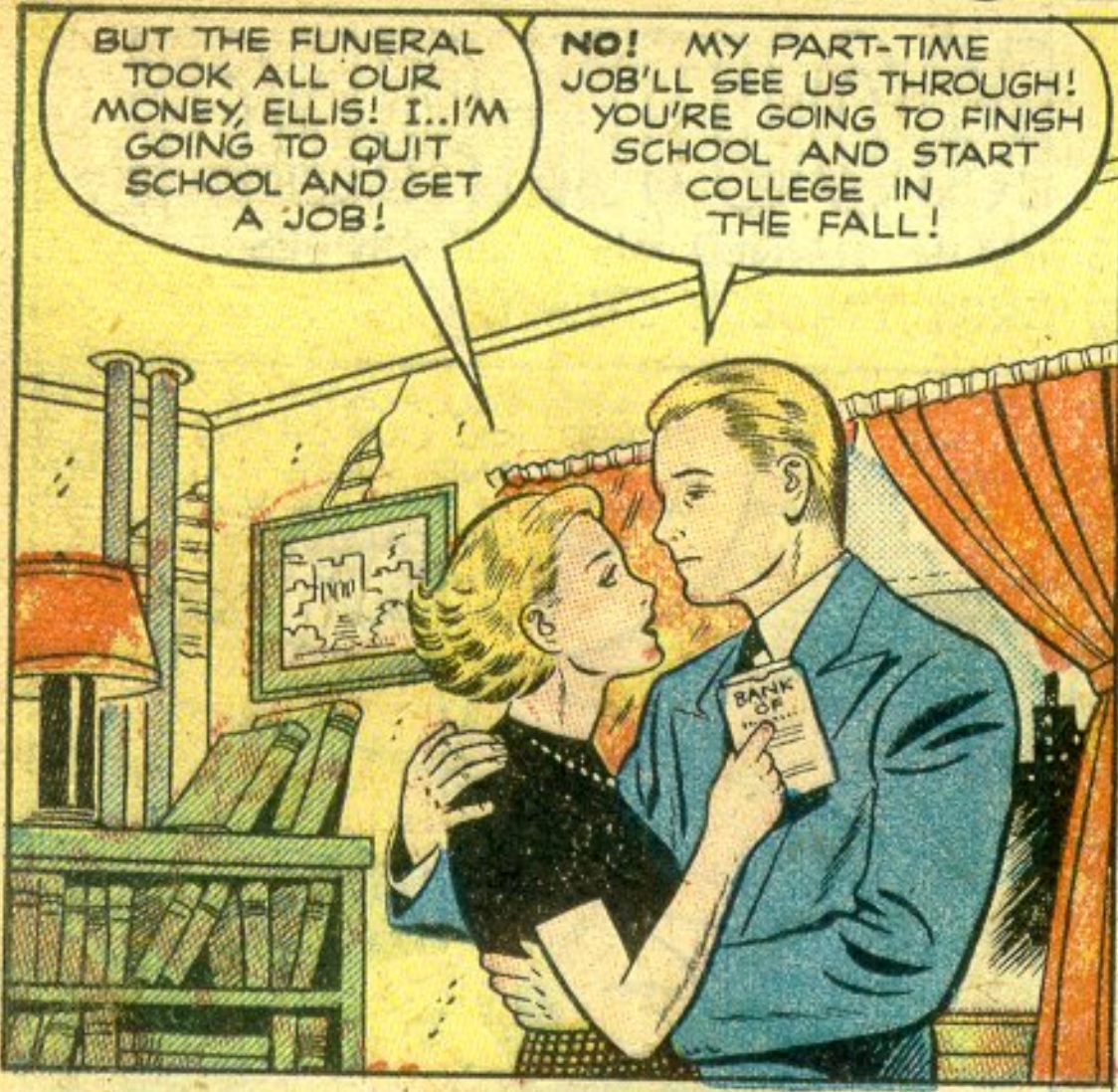
LATER...

WELL, DAD'S GONE, BUT DON'T WORRY, CAROL! I'LL GET MY LAW DEGREE SOON, AND YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE JUST LIKE WE ALWAYS PLANNED!

OH, ELLIS, YOU'RE THE MOST WONDERFUL BROTHER IN THE WORLD!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BUT THE FUNERAL TOOK ALL OUR MONEY, ELLIS! I..I'M GOING TO QUIT SCHOOL AND GET A JOB!

NO! MY PART-TIME JOB'LL SEE US THROUGH! YOU'RE GOING TO FINISH SCHOOL AND START COLLEGE IN THE FALL!



THANKS FOR THE CONGRATS, BOYS, BUT BEING FIRST IN YOUR CLASS DOESN'T MEAN A THING UNLESS YOU CAN BUILD UP A SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE! CAROL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF SCHOOL?

OH, STOP BEING A SLAVE DRIVER! I COULDN'T MISS SEEING YOU GRADUATE!

ELLIS OPENED HIS LAW PRACTICE IN A THIRD-RATE OFFICE BUILDING, AS HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE CHOOSY...



I DON'T GET'CHA, MR. GORMAN! SURE, I STOLE THE DOUGH! WHY ELSE WOULD I NEED A LAWYER?

IF YOU WERE INNOCENT IT WOULD BE A DIFFERENT MATTER! BUT I DON'T DEFEND CRIMINALS! NOW GET OUT!



BUT ELLIS, HOW COULD YOU? YOU KNOW HOW BADLY WE NEED MONEY! AT THIS RATE YOU'LL NEVER GET A CASE!

I WON'T HELP A CRIMINAL EVADE JUSTICE, CAROL! TO ME, THAT'S A CRIME IN ITSELF! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING!



SORRY! I CAN'T TAKE YOUR CASE!

LOOK—I'LL MAKE IT \$500! WHAT DO YA SAY?

GET OUT! GET OUT BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!

THE ANSWER IS NO! YOU DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED!

EXCUSE ME! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A LAWYER, NOT A JUDGE AND JURY!



AFTER SEVERAL UNEVENTFUL WEEKS, ELLIS HAD TO GIVE UP HIS OFFICE...

HOW LONG'S THIS GOING TO KEEP UP? I CAN'T SEE CAROL THROUGH COLLEGE ON A WAITER'S TIPS! I CAN'T GET AN HONEST CLIENT! WHAT'LL I DO?



I COULD GET PLENTY OF CLIENTS IF I WANTED—THE WRONG KIND! MAYBE IT'S STUPID BEING SO HONEST! WHERE HAS IT GOTTEN ME SO FAR? HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HIS CHIN SET AT A DEFIANT ANGLE, ELLIS PROCEEDED TO NICK QUINTO'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT AT THE CARLETON ARMS...

OBITUARY
FENLOW—Edwin New York, Aug. 18 Edwin Fenlow, 56, renowned criminal lawyer, died suddenly today in court. Among his many clients was Nick Quinto, well-known gambler for whom he had won many acquittals. Funeral services will be held...

NICK QUINTO...
 HMM... I WONDER...

HOLD IT, BUDDY—JUST WHERE DO YA THINK YOU'RE GOING?

HUH? OH...ER, MR. QUINTO SENT FOR ME! I'M HIS NEW ATTORNEY, ELLIS GORMAN!

NICK DIDN'T MENTION YOU! WELL, LET HIM IN, ANYWAY!

IS THAT YOU, HARRY! HAVE A DRINK! SAY—WHO THE DICKENS ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?

M...MY NAME'S ELLIS GORMAN, MR. QUINTO! I'M A LAWYER! I BLUFFED MY WAY PAST YOUR BOYS! LOOK—YOU NEED A NEW MOUTHPIECE AND I NEED A GOOD CLIENT!

WHAT? WELL, I'LL BE A... HA, HA! YA BLUFFED YER WAY IN, EH? YOU MAY BE A KID, SONNY BOY, BUT YOU'VE GOT NERVE! I LIKE GUYS WITH NERVE! YEAH...I THINK YOU'LL DO—HAVE A DRINK!

WHY, THANKS! I THOUGHT SURE YOU'D TOSS ME OUT ON MY EAR!

OH! HERE'S HARRY NOW! HE'S MY RIGHT ARM! HEY, HARRY—MEET MY NEW MOUTHPIECE, ELLIS GORMAN! HARRY'LL GIVE YA THE LOW-DOWN ON A LITTLE TROUBLE I'M IN!

HE'S KINDA YOUNG, AIN'T HE, NICK? WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'!

HERE'S THE PITCH, KID! THE D.A.'S ON NICK'S NECK! SOME AMBITIOUS POLITICIAN WOULDN'T COOPERATE SO NICK HAD HIM CHILLED! THE D.A. NABBED THE HOOD WHO DID THE JOB AN' MADE HIM CONFESS THAT NICK PAID HIM FOR THE JOB!

I SEE! NOW YOU WANT ME TO GET HIM TO REPUDIATE HIS CONFESSION!

YOU CATCH ON FAST! IF THIS HOOD TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE AT THE TRIAL, I'LL BE UP FOR MURDER! HE'S GOT A WIFE AND KIDS! PROMISE HIM ANYTHING! THREATEN HIM—GET ME?

FORGET IT, NICK! IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!

ELLIS SECURED AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CONFESSED MURDERER...

WH...WHO ARE YOU? DID N..NICK SEND YA? WHAT DO YA WANT?

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, JOE! NICK HATES STOOLIES! SUPPOSE THE D.A. SAVES YOU FROM THE CHAIR... THEN WHAT? NICK'S GOT CONNECTIONS IN THE BIG HOUSE! YOU'LL BE A COLD FISH IN A WEEK!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

B... BUT I DON'T WANNA BURN! EITHER WAY I'M A COOKED GOOSE! AN' I ALREADY SIGNED A CONFESSION!

SHUT UP AND LISTEN! YOU JUST TELL THE JURY THEY BEAT THAT CONFESSION OUT OF YOU! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T FRY! AND NICK'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR FAMILY WHILE YOU'RE DOING TIME!

I... I GUESS YER RIGHT! I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!

YOU'RE PLAYING IT SMART, JOE! I MIGHT EVEN GET THE CHARGE AGAINST YOU CHANGED TO MANSLAUGHTER— BUT REMEMBER, JOE— DOUBLE-CROSS NICK— AND YOUR WIFE AND KIDS'LL GET IT!

AND A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE TRIAL, ELLIS PULLED HIS COUP...

YOU TESTIFIED THAT YOU SIGNED THIS CONFESSION, MR. GARNER, BUT DOES THIS CONFESSION STATE THE TRUE FACTS?

NO! NO! IT'S A PACK OF LIES! THEY BEAT ME UP— THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I DIDN'T SAY NICK QUINTO ORDERED ME TO BUMP OFF THAT GUY! I DON'T EVEN KNOW NICK QUINTO!

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT!

THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL CAME TO A QUICK END WITH A SMASHING VICTORY FOR ELLIS...

YA DID IT, BOY! YOU'RE OKAY! I'M THROWIN' A BIG PARTY TONIGHT AND YOU'RE THE GUEST OF HONOR!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO WORRY, NICK!

I GUESS I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU, KID! YOU SURE KNOW YOUR BUSINESS!

GOLLY! MY BROTHER, GUEST OF HONOR AT ONE OF NICK QUINTO'S PARTIES! GEE, WHY CAN'T YOU TAKE ME ALONG?

I TOLD YOU! THEY'RE NOT THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE FOR YOU! THERE'S NOTHING GLAMOROUS IN CRIME, CAROL— AND THAT'S ALL THEY ARE— A BUNCH OF MOBSTERS! BESIDES, YOU HAVE TO BE UP EARLY TOMORROW!

OH, I GET TOO MUCH SLEEP ANYWAY! PLEASE, ELLIS, TAKE ME WITH YOU! I'VE NEVER BEEN TO A HIGH CLASS PARTY! I BET THEY'LL HAVE CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR AND...

NO, CAROL! I... OHH... ALL RIGHT! HURRY UP AND GET DRESSED! BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE LEAVING EARLY!

WELL, WHAT'S THIS? SAY, ELLIS... YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME!

HARDLY, NICK! THIS IS MY SISTER, CAROL! SHE'S ATTENDING COLLEGE, THANKS TO YOUR GENEROUS FEES! CAROL, THIS IS NICK QUINTO!

I'VE READ ALL ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPERS, MR. QUINTO!

DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ, KID! AND CUT THE 'MR.' STUFF! MY NAME'S NICK! HOW ABOUT SOME CHAMPAGNE? I IMPORTED IT FROM FRANCE!

OH, I'D LOVE IT, MR... UH, NICK! SEE YOU LATER, ELLIS!

BUT, CAROL... I... SURE! GO AHEAD... ENJOY YOURSELF!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS EVENING GAVE WAY TO EARLY MORNING...

SAY, HARRY, IT'S GETTING LATE! I THINK I'LL HEAD HOME! HAVE YOU SEEN MY SISTER... OR NICK?

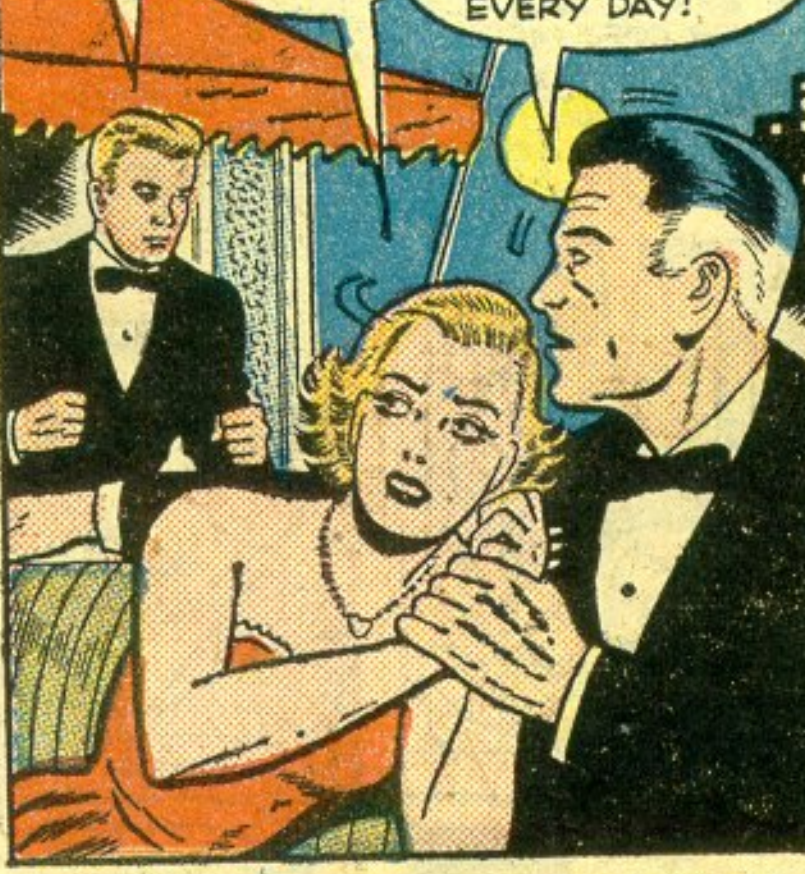
HUH? OH, SURE, KID! THEY'RE OUT ON THE TERRACE!



CAROL, ARE YOU... CAROL! NICK!

ELLIS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET SO EXCITED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ELLIS? YOU LOOK MAD! NO HARM IN A KISS, IS THERE? PEOPLE DO IT EVERY DAY!



LOOK, NICK, THIS IS MY SISTER, UNDERSTAND? I WANT YOU TO LAY OFF!

ELLIS! HOW DARE YOU? I CAN DO WHAT I WANT! NOT RUNNING MY LIFE! I'M EIGHTEEN AND...

RELAX, KID! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SORE ABOUT! CAROL'S A NICE KID... NOT LIKE THOSE PHONIES! IN THERE! I LIKE 'ER!



ALL RIGHT, NICK! I'LL BE BLUNT! CAROL MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME! AND YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER! I WON'T STAND BY AND WATCH HER GET INVOLVED WITH A CRIMINAL! I'VE ABANDONED MY IDEALS BUT SHE'S NO PART OF OUR DEAL! NOW COME ON, CAROL! WE'RE GOING HOME!



BUT THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

ALL RIGHT! IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH NICK! HE LIKES ME AND I LIKE HIM AND...

YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT WITH HIM, CAROL - YOU'RE STAYING HOME!

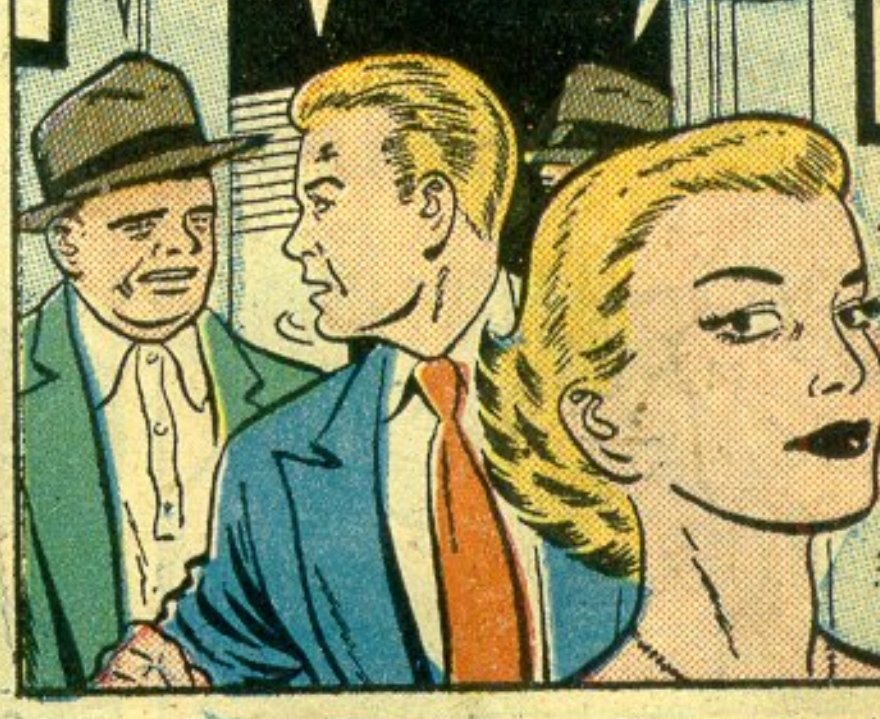


BUT ELLIS WASN'T AWARE OF THE ENDS TO WHICH NICK WOULD GO, FOR ON THE VERY NEXT EVENING...

HI THERE, ELLIS!

HUH? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU! DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN KNOCKING? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

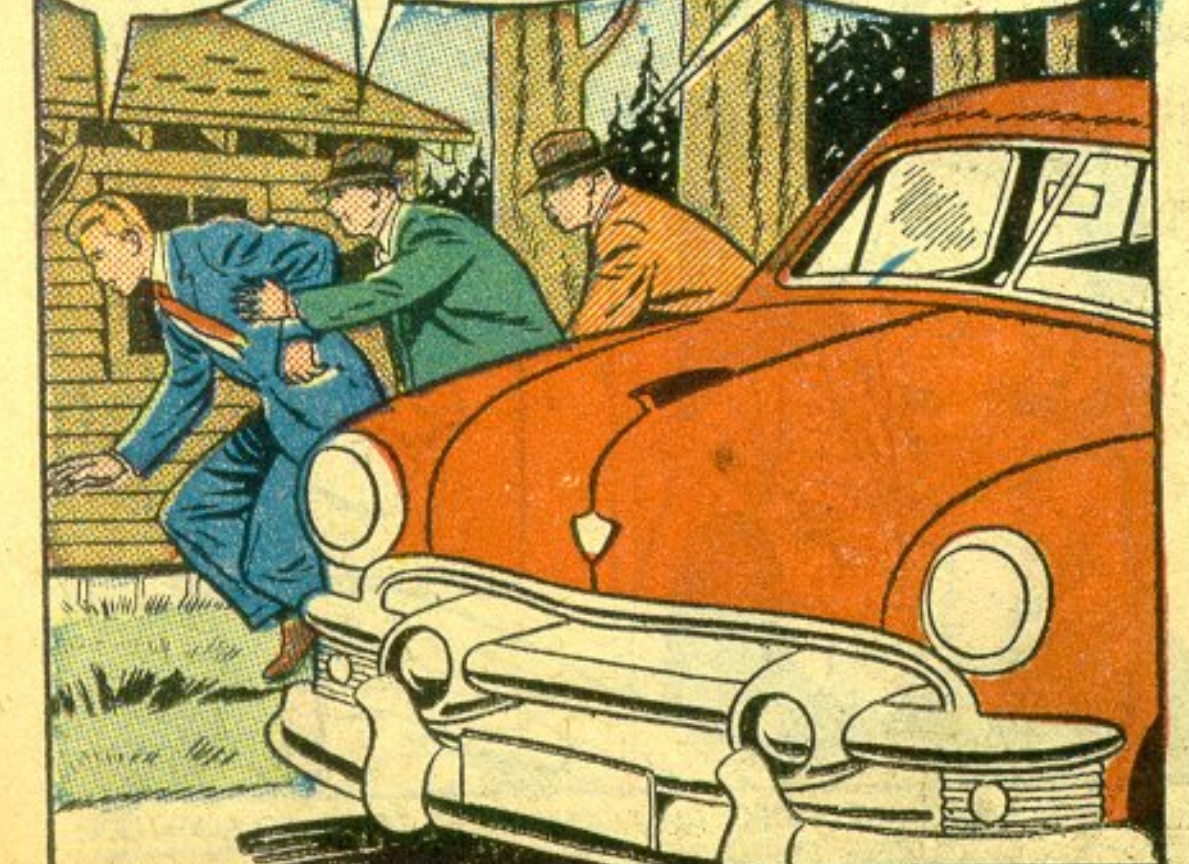
NICK'S IN A LITTLE JAM! HE SENT US TO PICK YOU UP! LET'S GO!



HEY! WHAT IS THIS? I THOUGHT YOU SAID... UGH! UGH!

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THOUGHT, PUNK! GET INTO THAT SHACK! NICK THINKS YA MIGHT GET IN HIS WAY!

YEAH - HE'S GOT A DATE WITH YOUR SISTER AND DOESN'T WANT YA SHOULD SPOIL IT! HA! HA!



I WON'T STAY HERE! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME... UGH! OW! OW!

GET BACK THERE, YA GEEK, OR I'LL REALLY GIVE YA A GOIN' OVER!

NIX, MIKE! QUINTO SAID NOT TO HURT HIM UNLESS HE GAVE US TROUBLE! LET'S TIE HIM UP! IT'S ONLY FOR A FEW HOURS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING, ELLIS IS RELEASED AND STUMBLES HOME...

OH, ELLIS! WHAT HAPPENED? NICK PROMISED ME YOU WOULDN'T BE HARMED!

NOW MAYBE YOU'LL SEE WHAT HE'S REALLY LIKE! THIS IS YOUR FAULT!

FINALLY RESIGNED TO THE FACT THAT HE COULDN'T CHANGE MATTERS, ELLIS RELENTED...

MAYBE IT'LL WORK OUT FOR THE BEST! NICK'LL BRUSH HER OFF LIKE HE ALWAYS DOES! CAROL MAY BE HURT, BUT IT'LL TEACH HER A GOOD LESSON!

THE GREATEST SHOCK OF ALL CAME SHORTLY AFTER...

ISN'T IT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RING YOU'VE EVER SEEN, ELLIS? NICK AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TONIGHT!

WH...WHAT? M...MARRIED? OVER MY DEAD BODY! I'M GONNA SEE NICK RIGHT AWAY AND HAVE IT OUT!

LET ME PASS, YOU GORILLAS! I'LL KILL HIM! I SWEAR IT! HE'LL NEVER MARRY CAROL!

GO AHEAD! G'WAN IN IF YA WANNA... BUT NICK AIN'T THERE!

SURE! YOU'RE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, SONNY BOY! HE'S PICKIN' ER UP AT YOUR PLACE!

RETRACING HIS STEPS, ELLIS RETURNED TO THE APARTMENT—TO FIND...

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D OUTSMART ME, EH? WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU—RIGHT NOW!

HE...HE MEANS IT, NICK! OH, ELLIS—YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE WE LOVE EACH OTHER?

PULLING A GUN ON ME, HUH! WELL, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

STOP HIM, CAROL! HE'S GOT MY GUN!

STOP IT! STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A COUPLE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN! I'LL... OHHH!

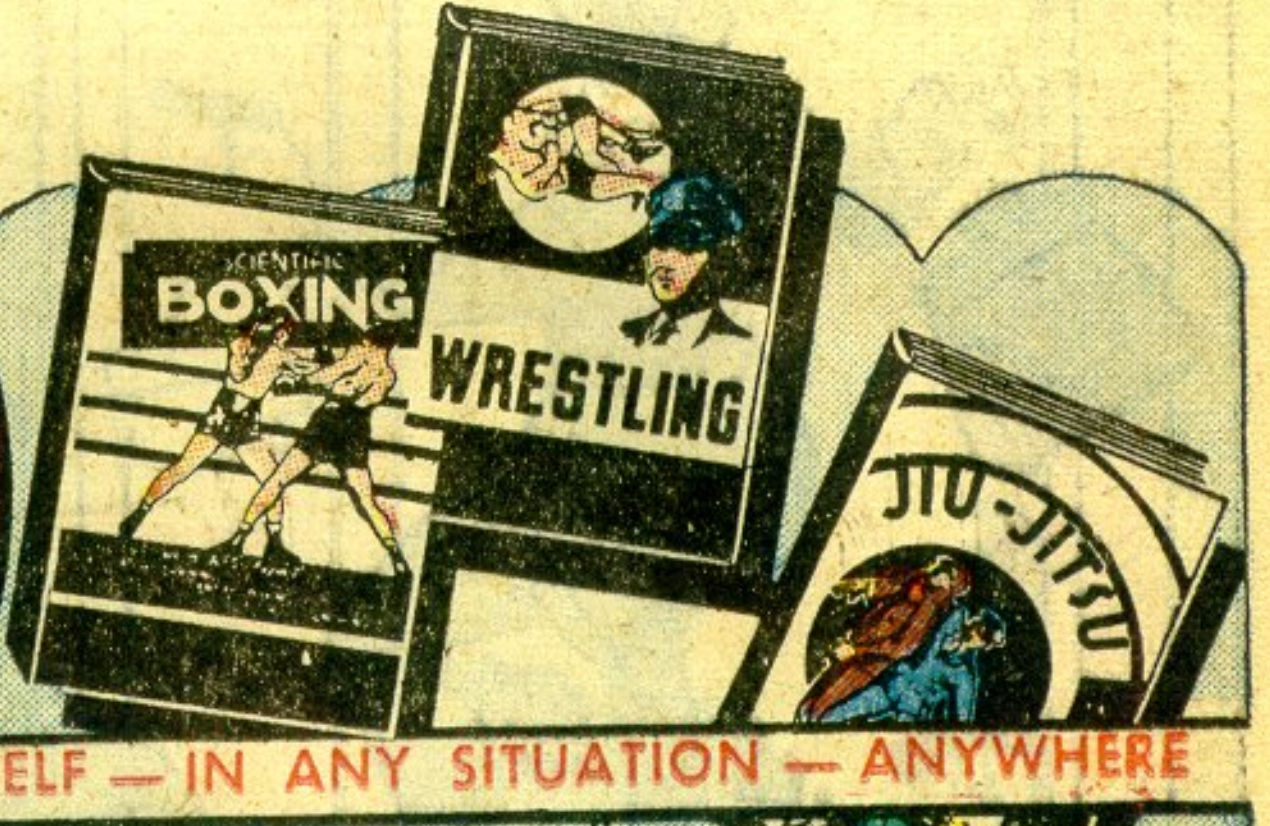
BANG!

YOU FOOL! YOU STUPID FOOL! HE'S DEAD! OH, COULDN'T YOU SEE I LOVED HIM?

YOU REALLY DID LOVE HIM! WHAT A FOOL I WAS! I LOST MY PRINCIPLES! AFTER VIOLATING THE ETHICS OF MY PROFESSION I REALIZED THERE WAS NO WAY OUT... I WAS IN TOO DEEP! THE MONEY I RECEIVED I NEVER ENJOYED! CALL THE POLICE, CAROL, I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF UP!

ELLIS GORMAN WAS TRIED AND CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER! HE WAS, OF COURSE, DISBARRED AND RECEIVED A PRISON TERM OF TEN TO TWENTY YEARS! **THE END**

Be the MASTER not the slave!
Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE

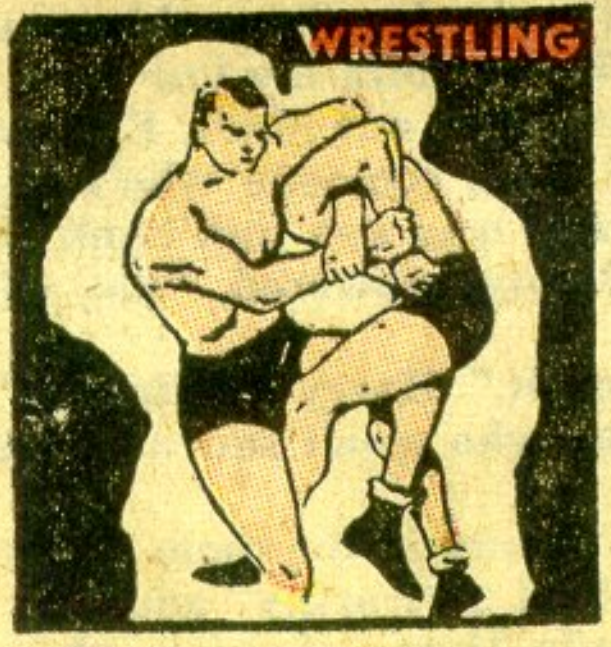
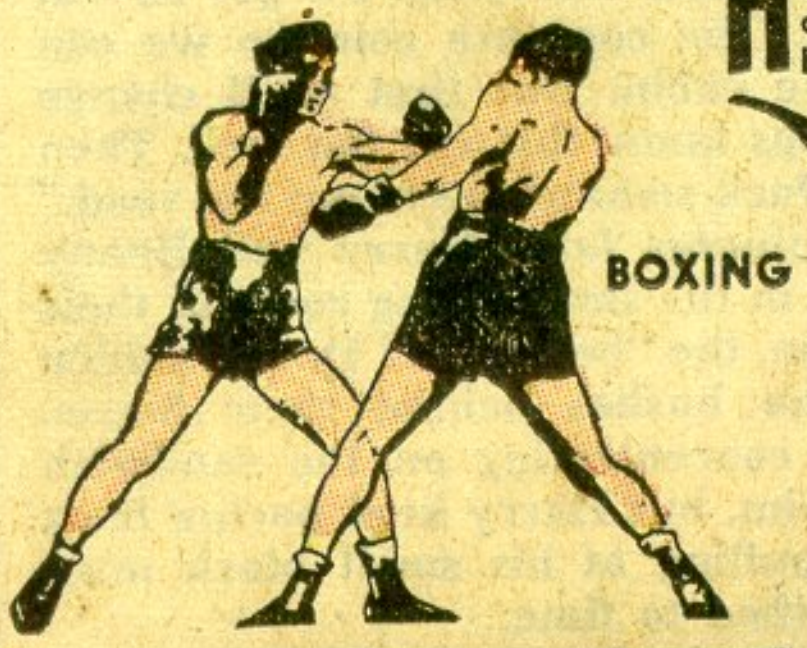


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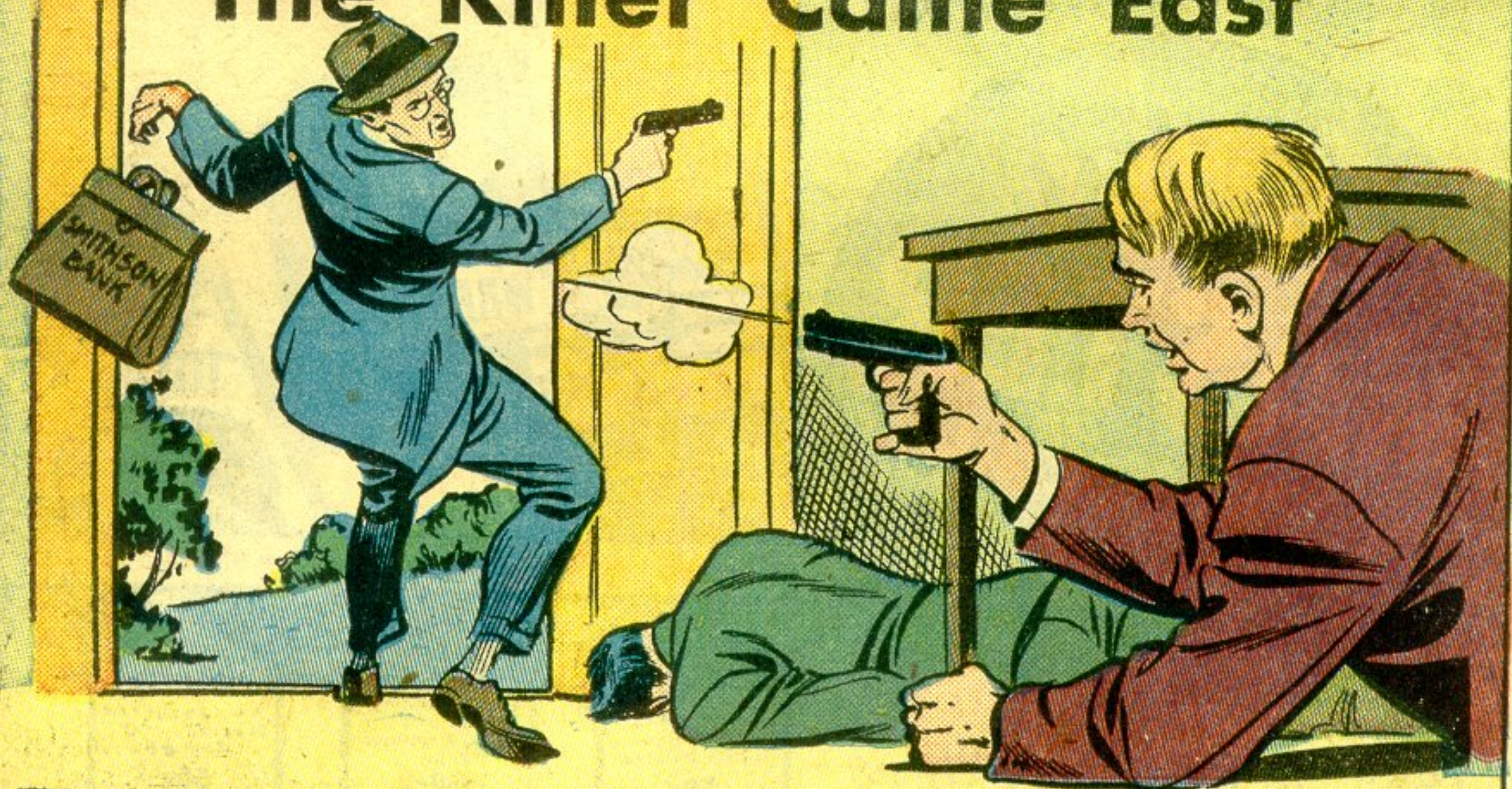
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The Killer Came East



THE small black Ford careened recklessly around the corner, the police car close on its heels. The three men in the first car were hunched forward, silently cursing the pursuing car.

"Come on, Benny," Harry urged the driver, "get some speed into this job. We've gotta ditch these cops fast and get to the cabin."

Suddenly a shot burst the stillness of the night.

"Harry, they got me," Jack shouted from the rear seat of the car.

"Hold on, Jack," he muttered desperately, "we don't have far to go."

A minute later Benny took the right corner on two wheels and drove into a deserted garage on the darkened street. The police car came racing down the street two minutes later. When the cops saw no sign of the Ford, they made a left turn and speeded onward in that direction.

"Wh - e - e, we made it," Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yeah, but look at Jack," Benny said shortly.

Harry climbed over the front seat and knelt over the wounded man. He turned Jack over on his back and tried to help him sit up.

"It's — no — use, Harry," Jack gasped. "I'm — done — for." And with a sudden shudder Jack fell back, dead.

"What'll we do now, Harry?" Benny started wailing. "We've gotta corpse on our hands and we're missing a good stick-up artist."

"Stop belly-aching, will ya?" Harry snarled. "I'm the brains of this outfit, and I'll think of something. We've pulled three bank

robberies in seven weeks and have a lot of dough to show for it, right?"

"Yeah," Benny admitted grudgingly.

"Then quit your worrying. I'll get us out of this hole. The cops are gone so we can head for the cabin. But first we'll change cars. The cops know this car too well. Then we'll ditch Jack somewhere along the road."

Twenty minutes later Harry and Benny were sitting in the small living room of their isolated cabin, the "borrowed" Dodge hidden safely in the bushes behind their house. Benny was concentrating on the sandwich in front of him, but Harry kept pacing back and forth, pulling at his small black mustache from time to time.

He started reviewing the problem out loud to Benny. "We've gotta lay low for a while. The police are after our hides. But we gotta have a third man, someone who's quick on the trigger, and who can pull bank jobs."

"Yeah," Benny answered, "but who can we trust?"

"That's just it," Harry admitted. "It has to be someone who won't squeal to the coppers."

There was silence in the room as both men tried to think of a "worthy" addition to the gang. Suddenly Harry shouted, "I got just the guy. And I heard he's at loose ends."

"Who, Harry, who?" Benny wanted to know.

"Did you ever hear of George Yamos of Chicago? He's one of the slickest operators I ever came across. He's one of them efficient guys, won't go on a job unless everything is planned down to the last dollar. But that don't bother me. I always figure these jobs good, and Yamos is good with a gat. I'll wire

him tonight and get him here. In the meantime, we'll lay low till the heat's off."

A week later, George Yamos and Harry were making plans for the next bank hold-up, as Benny listened. He eyed Yamos speculatively. He was a tall, thin man, wearing rimless glasses. He could pass for a salesman, office manager, or school teacher. And look at those hands, Benny thought. With those long, thin fingers, he could be one of those piano playing fellows. But his mouth was a giveaway. It was thin, drawn tight, and looked cruel and ruthless. There was something about him that Benny didn't like. He couldn't put his finger on it — lots of guys have mean little mouths — but he just couldn't warm up to George Yamos.

"... And we'll get to the bank a couple of hours before closing time," Harry was saying, "and then we'll ..."

"What time will we get there," George interrupted quickly. "Let's be exact about all the steps. After all," he added dryly, "we're holding up a bank, not playing hopscotch!"

Harry flushed and said quickly, "I know, I know, and I've got it all figured out. Benny, are you listening? We'll get to the bank at one o'clock and then ..."

The next afternoon two men entered the Smithson Bank at precisely one o'clock. The shorter man with the black mustache looked nervously at the man behind the wheel of the car in front of the bank, but the tall fellow walked calmly into the bank, to the far end of the lobby. The short guy locked the door and planted himself near the entrance to the bank.

"All right, everyone, hands up," Harry shouted suddenly. "This is a stick-up."

There was sudden confusion in the small bank, but Harry and George quickly unarmed the solitary bank guard and grabbed the money in the tellers' boxes.

"Now open that safe," George calmly told the jittery teller in the first cage. "And the rest of you lie down on the floor and don't make a move or this gun will start talking!"

Ten minutes later George and Harry dashed out of the bank with \$80,000 in cold cash in the satchels they carried.

"Step on it, Benny," Harry shouted. "We gotta get outa here fast."

Benny started the car and shot her up to sixty in the next few blocks. He heard shouts back at the bank, but he drove on steadily. But suddenly there was a policeman standing in front of the candy store at the next corner, and when he saw the car speeding down the block, he shouted, "STOP THAT CAR," but Benny raced down the street before he could be followed, and took a short cut to the cabin.

Once the three crooks got inside, they started divvying the take.

"Well, since I planned the job," Harry began, "I'll get 40 G's. And you and Benny get 20 G's apiece."

"What do you mean you planned this job," George said in a voice of steel. "There was something wrong with everything you planned. You didn't know whether all three of us should go into the bank, what time we should get there, or anything. In fact, if it wasn't for me, there wouldn't have been any holdup, so I'll get 40 G's."

Harry jumped up from the couch and stalked over to George's chair near the table.

"Listen, wise guy," Harry began hotly. "Who got you into this racket? Who wired who about the sweet setup we had here? Don't think you can get smart with me just 'cause you can pull a stick-up. You always was too big for your breeches, that's why no one would take you into any mob."

During this tirade, George had risen slowly to his feet and then suddenly pulled his gun out of his holster.

"There isn't room for both of us," George grimly told Harry.

"L-listen, George," Harry started haltingly, "we don't have to do anything hasty. We can work this out, Georgie. I'm easy to get along with, you'll see," Harry ended hysterically.

George just started at him menacingly and then quickly pulled the trigger.

"G-George, what are you doing? D-don't get excited," Benny stammered.

George whirled swiftly to face the forgotten Benny and snarled at him, "I don't need you either. I can pull stick-ups by myself and keep the dough all for myself." Another shot rang out as George eliminated his other "partner."

George started stacking all the money together in one canvass bag. Harry, in the meantime, made one last effort to get his gun out of his holster. He managed to raise himself to his elbows, fired one shot, and the startled George fell to his feet.

Five minutes later two policemen entered the house cautiously and when they saw the three dead bodies on the floor, they walked right in.

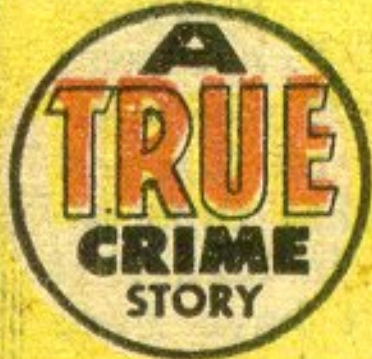
"These are the bank robbers all right," Murphy said to Thomas. "The car radio said those crooks were last seen coming in this direction, and this is the only place they could have come to."

"You're right," Thomas replied. "Look at all the new bills over here on the table. What did a life of crime get them, anyway? It's just a fast way to the grave!"

The End

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

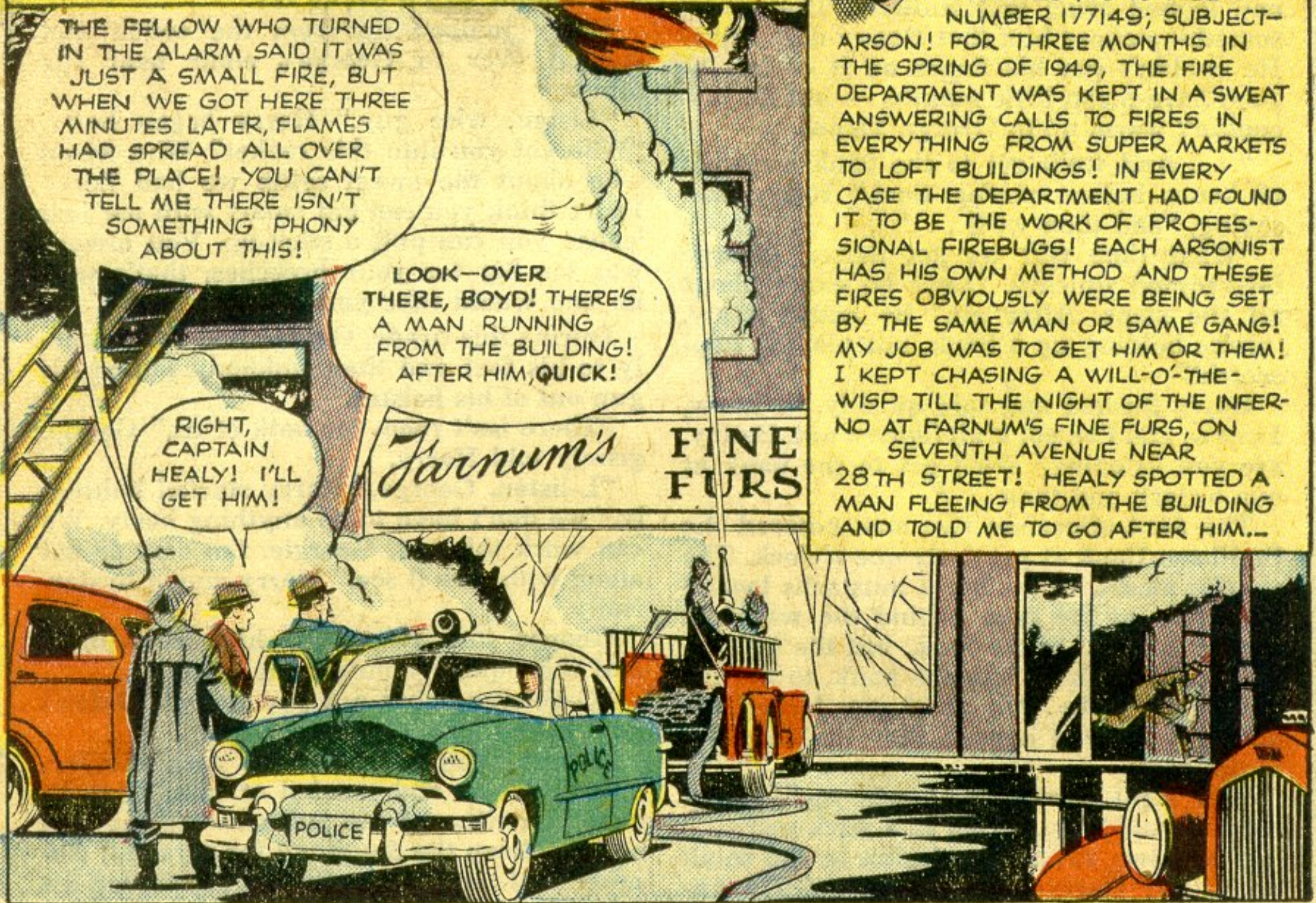
The Case of the DEADLY DOLL



WHAT WAS THE SECRET BEHIND ITS MALICIOUSNESS THAT BROUGHT ABOUT BRUTAL MURDER AND BURNING DESTRUCTION? SERGEANT CLAY BOYD TELLS ALL IN THIS DARING EXPOSE!



I'M SERGEANT BOYD OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE FORCE! MY PRE-CINCT CAPTAIN, RAY HEALY, ASSIGNED ME TO FILE NUMBER 177149; SUBJECT-ARSON! FOR THREE MONTHS IN THE SPRING OF 1949, THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WAS KEPT IN A SWEAT ANSWERING CALLS TO FIRES IN EVERYTHING FROM SUPER MARKETS TO LOFT BUILDINGS! IN EVERY CASE THE DEPARTMENT HAD FOUND IT TO BE THE WORK OF PROFESSIONAL FIREBUGS! EACH ARSONIST HAS HIS OWN METHOD AND THESE FIRES OBVIOUSLY WERE BEING SET BY THE SAME MAN OR SAME GANG! MY JOB WAS TO GET HIM OR THEM! I KEPT CHASING A WILL-O'-THE-WISP TILL THE NIGHT OF THE INFERNO AT FARNUM'S FINE FURS, ON SEVENTH AVENUE NEAR 28TH STREET! HEALY SPOTTED A MAN FLEEING FROM THE BUILDING AND TOLD ME TO GO AFTER HIM...



THE FELLOW WHO TURNED IN THE ALARM SAID IT WAS JUST A SMALL FIRE, BUT WHEN WE GOT HERE THREE MINUTES LATER, FLAMES HAD SPREAD ALL OVER THE PLACE! YOU CAN'T TELL ME THERE ISN'T SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THIS!

LOOK—OVER THERE, BOYD! THERE'S A MAN RUNNING FROM THE BUILDING! AFTER HIM, QUICK!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN HEALY! I'LL GET HIM!

Farnum's FINE FURS



WHERE COULD HE HAVE DISAPPEARED TO SO QUICK? HE WAS HERE A SECOND AGO!

MEANWHILE, THE MAN I WAS CHASING WAS APPROACHED BY A SEDAN...



THERE'S THE GUY WE WANT! STOP HIM, TONY! AL—YOU GRAB THE DOLL QUICK!

I GOT HIM, DREXEL! HURRY UP, AL—GET THAT DOLL AND LET'S START MOVIN'!

I'LL GET IT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I THOUGHT I HAD LOST THE TRAIL TILL I HEARD THOSE SHOTS! I RUSHED AROUND THE CORNER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND...



HOLD IT, MISTER! THAT WAS JUST A WARNING SHOT! I WON'T MISS WITH THE NEXT ONE!

HOP ON, QUICK!

WHERE'S THE DOLL, STOOP? WHY DIDN'T YOU GRAB THE DOLL?

SHUT UP AND MOVE!



ZING!

WHO WERE THEY? CAN YOU HEAR ME, MISTER?

GOLDIE... GOLDIE... UHH!



SORRY, I DIDN'T GET HIM, CAPTAIN! 'T WAS SOME GENTS IN A SEDAN! I COULDN'T GET THE LICENSE!

WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU HOLDING, BOYD?

IT'S A DOLL, CAPTAIN, AND THE FELLOWS WHO MURDERED OUR FIREBUG FRIEND SEEMED TO WANT IT AWFUL BAD! I RECKON IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FIRE BACK THERE!

YEAH? HOW CORNY CAN YOU GET? MAYBE THAT GUY DIDN'T START THE FIRE! MAYBE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THAT STUFFED RAG AND WENT TO THE WRONG ADDRESS! I'LL GET THE MORGUE TO PICK UP HIS BODY, THEN WE'LL GO BACK TO THE PRECINCT!

CAPTAIN HEALY WAS GOING INTO A SLOW BURN 'CAUSE IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS GETTING NOWHERE FAST ON THIS CASE! HOWEVER, I FELT THE DOLL WAS TIED IN WITH BOTH THE FIRE AND THE MURDER!



THEY'RE COPS, AL! AND THEY'VE GOT THE DOLL! WE'RE GOING TO TAIL THEM! THIS TIME I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT, BUT GET THAT DOLL!

BUT GUYS DON'T JUST GO AROUND SHOOTING UP DELIVERY BOYS, CAPTAIN!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY, BOYD!



MAYBE THERE'S A NOTE HIDDEN IN HER DRESS!

WILL YOU STOP PLAYING WITH THAT DOLL, BOYD! YOU SAID THAT FELLOW SAID "GOLDIE" BEFORE HE DIED! LET'S GO INTO I.D. AND SEE IF THERE'S A "GOLDIE" SOMEBODY ON FILE... AND LEAVE THE DOLL HERE!

DETECT BUREAU

MEANWHILE, THE MYSTERIOUS AL SLIPS INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AS HIS FRIENDS PLACE A CALL TO CAPTAIN HEALY...



SAY, CULLEN, IS CAPTAIN HEALY IN THERE? I HAVE A CALL FOR HIM!

NOT IN HERE, SERGEANT! TRY THE LAB! I THINK THEY'RE CHECKING SOME STUFF FROM THE FIRE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AT LAST! COME TO PAPA, BABY! THE BOSS OUGHT TO GIVE ME A MEDAL FOR TAKING A CHANCE LIKE THIS! LET'S HOPE I MAKE IT!

DETECTIVE BUREAU

HEY, YOU— STOP! GRAB THAT GUY!

I GOT IT, JOE! OPEN UP— HURRY!

HUH?

...I JUST TURNED MY BACK FOR A FEW SECONDS TO TRY TO LOCATE YOU FOR A PHONE CALL! THAT'S WHEN THAT GUY MUST'VE SLIPPED IN, CAPTAIN! SUDDENLY HE GOES TEARING OUT WITH SOME KIND OF A RAG DOLL!

WHAT NOW, CAPTAIN?

I DON'T KNOW—LET ME TAKE THE CALL!

CAPTAIN HEALY SPEAKING...YES, MA'AM! WELL, I WOULDN'T HANDLE THAT MYSELF! I'LL CONNECT YOU WITH...OH, WHAT WAS HE DELIVERING? A DOLL? ER... WHY, YOUR MESSENGER ISN'T HERE, BUT WE DO HAVE THE DOLL! LET ME HAVE YOUR ADDRESS AND I'LL SEND A MAN RIGHT OVER WITH IT!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, I WAS IN A DOLL SHOP ON MADISON AVENUE, SPEAKING WITH THE PRETTIEST DOLL OF ALL—WHOSE NAME WAS MISS **GOLDIE** MARTIN...

WHY WOULD ANYBODY MURDER JERRY? HE'D WORKED FOR ME FOR A YEAR! AND YOU SAY MY NAME WAS THE LAST WORD ON HIS LIPS!

I'M INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT WHAT HE WAS DOING IN THAT BURNING BUILDING, AND WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THAT DOLL?

THAT WAS AT FARNUM'S FURS? WHY, ER, OF COURSE! THE DOLL BELONGS TO MRS. FARNUM! IT'S QUITE VALUABLE AS AN HEIRLOOM! SHE WANTED IT REPAIRED! I LOST HER HOME ADDRESS AND JERRY SIMPLY TOOK IT TO MR. FARNUM'S PLACE OF BUSINESS!

YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL LIAR, GOLDIE!

WHILE I WAS GETTING A LOT OF EVASIVE ANSWERS AND BALD-FACED LIES FROM GOLDIE MARTIN, SOMETHING WAS GOING ON JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...SOMETHING BEARING DIRECTLY ON THE CASE! IT INVOLVED A MAN NAMED AMORY DREXEL, WHOSE PORTRAIT DECORATED POST OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST!

PRUESS HERE WARNED ME THAT HE WAS AFRAID GOLDIE MARTIN MIGHT BE DIFFICULT! WHAT DID YOU SAY TO PERSUADE HER I'D MAKE A PERFECT PARTNER?

PRUESS WAS RIGHT! I SAID WHAT YOU TOLD ME TO SAY, AMORY! BUT GOLDIE DOESN'T WANT A PARTNER! GOLDIE IS DOING ALL RIGHT IN HER SMALL WAY! I TOLD HER SHE WOULD DO FIVE TIMES THE BUSINESS WITH YOU! BUT SHE SAYS SHE'S NOT INTERESTED IN BURNING DOWN THE WHOLE TOWN!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT WITH MY FUNDS TEMPORARILY TIED UP BY THE CALIFORNIA AUTHORITIES, I HAVE TO FIND SOMETHING TO KEEP MY LITTLE FLOCK FED, AND GOLDIE'S RACKET IS A NICE SETUP! DID YOU SEE THE DOLL PRUESS HERE REFERRED TO?

YES! I WAS GIVING GOLDIE THIS PEP TALK AND LOOKING AROUND FOR THE DOLL! SUDDENLY GOLDIE CAUGHT ON WE KNEW ABOUT THE DOLL, SO SHE HANDED IT TO SOME GOON NAMED JERRY, AND TOLD HIM TO DELIVER IT... BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY WHERE TO!

I TOLD HER WHERE TO FIND YOU IF SHE CHANGED HER MIND, THEN I STEPPED OUT TO THE CAR AND TOLD DREXEL AND HIS BOYS TO GET THAT DOLL, EVEN IF THEY HAD TO RUB OUT THIS JERRY CHARACTER! THEY STARTED AFTER HIM—THAT'S THE LAST I SAW OF THEM!

JUST THEN AL ARRIVES...

WE GOT IT, AMORY! WE GOT THE DOLL!

SPLENDID, AL! NOW WE HAVE MISS GOLDIE MARTIN WHERE WE WANT HER!

MEANWHILE, IN THE DOLL SHOP, GOLDIE MARTIN WAS TELLING ME IT WAS TIME FOR HER TO CLOSE UP! I OFFERED TO SEE HER HOME, BUT SHE SAID SHE LIVED JUST AROUND THE CORNER! BUT WHEN SHE TURNED THE CORNER SHE GRABBED A CAB! I FOLLOWED HER IN ANOTHER CAB! SHE WENT TO A TWO STORY BUILDING ON EAST 56TH STREET... I WENT AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING...

THAT GIRL JUST CAN'T GET A TRUTHFUL SENTENCE OUT OF HER PRETTY LITTLE MOUTH! WELL, THIS MAY DO ME NO GOOD, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY!

PRUESS, SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR! NO, WAIT! AL, GET THAT DOLL OUT OF SIGHT—PUT IT IN THE BEDROOM! YOU TWO GET IN THE OTHER ROOM!

WELL, WELL! YOU'RE GOLDIE MARTIN! HELEN DESCRIBED YOU, THOUGH I MUST SAY SHE DIDN'T DO YOUR LOOKS JUSTICE!

NEVER MIND THAT! YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, MR. DREXEL! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

GOSH! I SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING OF YOURS, MISS MARTIN! A DOLL! THAT SORT OF CHANGES THINGS BETWEEN US, DOESN'T IT?

YOU MEAN, UNLESS I DO AS YOU SAY, YOU'LL USE IT TO BLACKMAIL ME? NO DICE, DREXEL! YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON ME! THAT DOLL IS MINE AND YOU'RE GONNA HAND IT OVER—OR I CALL THE COPS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OH YEAH? YOU'RE WRONG, YOUNG LADY! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT DOLL HOLDS THE KEY TO ALL YOUR CLIENTS! I'M SURE THEY'D PAY WELL TO HAVE ME KEEP MY INFORMATION FROM THE POLICE!

EXTORTION! YOU'RE GOING TO SQUEEZE MY CLIENTS UNLESS I MAKE YOU MY PARTNER! IT WON'T WORK, DREXEL! NOW GIVE ME THAT DOLL!

I ALSO HAPPEN TO KNOW OF YOUR ARSON ACTIVITIES, MY DEAR! IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE STOOPED TO EXTORTION OF A SORT, HAVEN'T YOU?

YOU, ARTHUR PRUESS — YOU TOLD DREXEL ABOUT ME — AND ABOUT THE DOLL!

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD FREE MYSELF OF YOU, GOLDE!

I'D HEARD ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT THEY WERE UP TO, AND WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIRES, BUT GETTING PROOF WAS ANOTHER MATTER! I SNATCHED THE DOLL BUT AS I STARTED FOR THE WINDOW HE CAME TO, AND GRABBED MY LEG...

HEY, DREXEL, COME HERE QUICK!

STOP HIM, DREXEL! HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH THE DOLL!

HE WON'T GET FAR WITH IT!

AL AND I WILL CHASE HIM DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE... THE REST OF YOU GET DOWNSTAIRS! AND DON'T ARGUE WITH HIM... SHOOT!

I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK HITTING YOU ON THE HEAD, MISTER... LET'S SEE HOW I DO WITH A TRICK SHOT!

CRACK!

I GOT HIM!

EAAH!

NOW IF I CAN JUST GET OUT OF HERE WITH THE DOLL!

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING, MISTER?

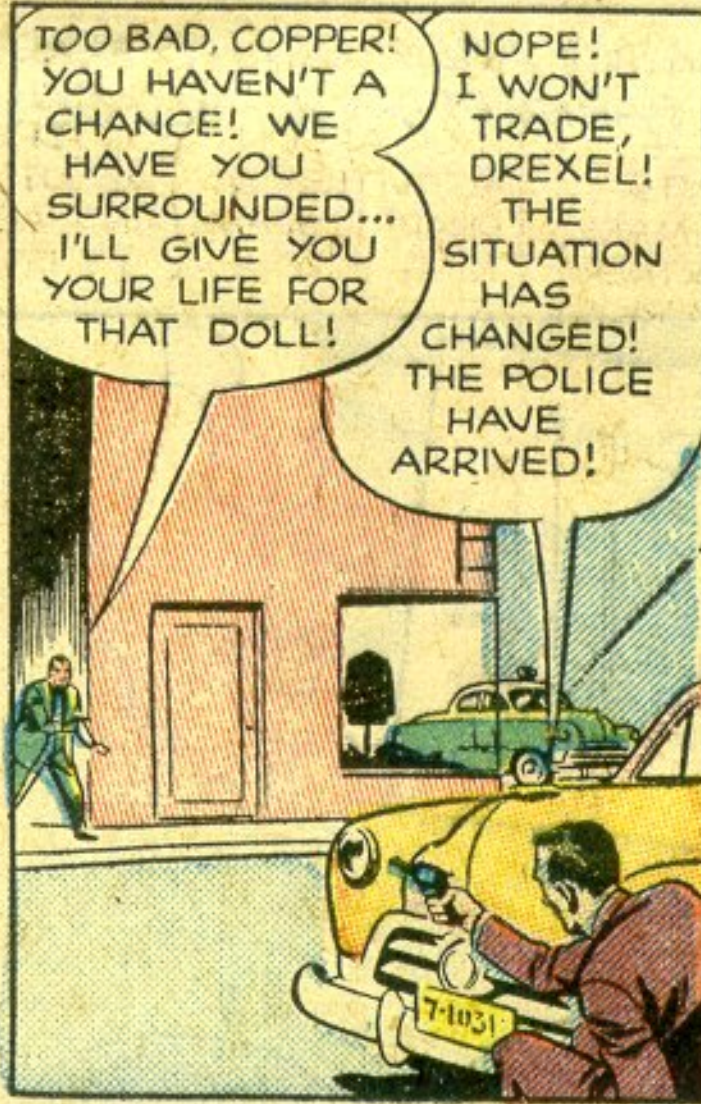
NO TIME TO TALK! CALL THE FIFTY-FIFTH PRECINCT... ASK FOR HEALY! TELL HIM BOYD NEEDS HELP — SEND ANY RADIO CARS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD... GIVE HIM THIS ADDRESS! HURRY!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE COPS BETTER HURRY! THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH GUNMEN!

CRACK!
CRACK!



TOO BAD, COPPER! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED... I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR LIFE FOR THAT DOLL!

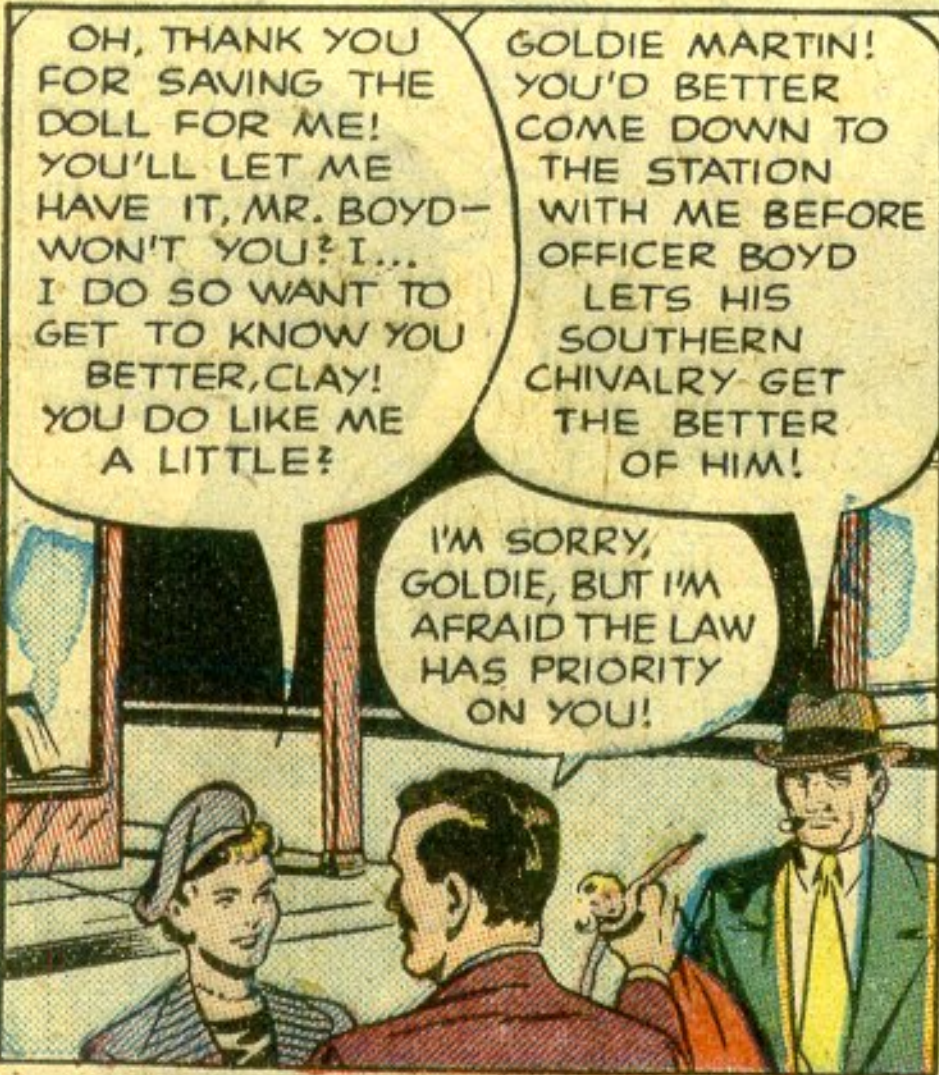
NOPE! I WON'T TRADE, DREXEL! THE SITUATION HAS CHANGED! THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED!



N...NEVER MIND THE DOLL NOW! YOU WINGED ME BACK THERE ON THE FIRE ESCAPE! I'M A GONER!

HE KEPT SHOOTING AT ME! I HAD TO FIRE BACK!

OH, MR. BOYD!

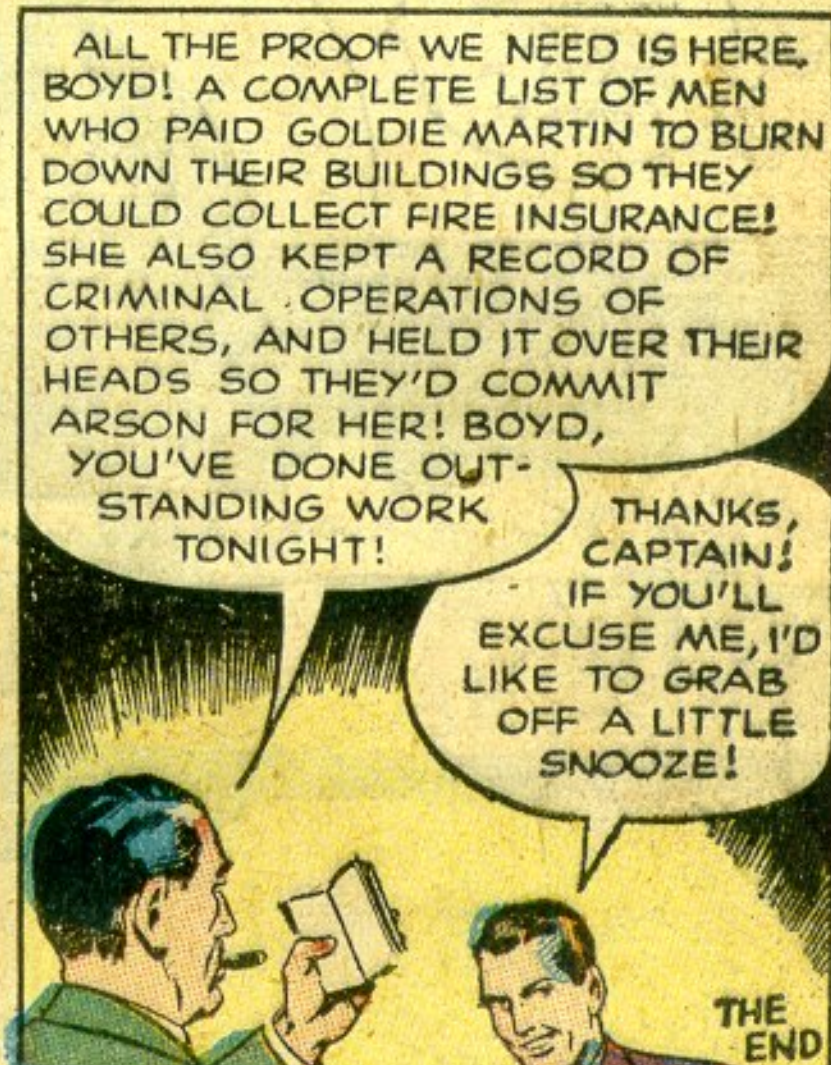


OH, THANK YOU FOR SAVING THE DOLL FOR ME! YOU'LL LET ME HAVE IT, MR. BOYD—WON'T YOU? I... I DO SO WANT TO GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER, CLAY! YOU DO LIKE ME A LITTLE?

GOLDIE MARTIN! YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN TO THE STATION WITH ME BEFORE OFFICER BOYD LETS HIS SOUTHERN CHIVALRY GET THE BETTER OF HIM!

I'M SORRY, GOLDIE, BUT I'M AFRAID THE LAW HAS PRIORITY ON YOU!

I FELT BAD ABOUT GOLDIE MARTIN... I'D LIKE TO HAVE KNOWN HER UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES! BACK AT THE PRECINCT WE GAVE THAT RAG DOLL A GOING OVER... THERE WAS A ZIPPER AROUND ITS NECK AND WHEN CAPTAIN HEALY UNZIPPED THE DOLL'S HEAD, HE FOUND A SMALL NOTEBOOK INSIDE THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY...



ALL THE PROOF WE NEED IS HERE, BOYD! A COMPLETE LIST OF MEN WHO PAID GOLDIE MARTIN TO BURN DOWN THEIR BUILDINGS SO THEY COULD COLLECT FIRE INSURANCE! SHE ALSO KEPT A RECORD OF CRIMINAL OPERATIONS OF OTHERS, AND HELD IT OVER THEIR HEADS SO THEY'D COMMIT ARSON FOR HER! BOYD, YOU'VE DONE OUTSTANDING WORK TONIGHT!

THANKS, CAPTAIN! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'D LIKE TO GRAB OFF A LITTLE SNOOZE!

THE END

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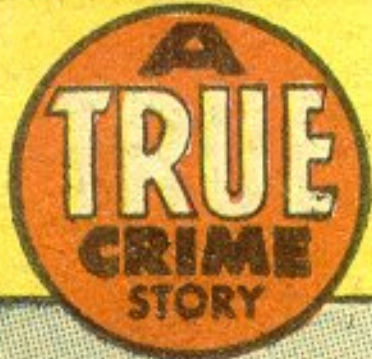
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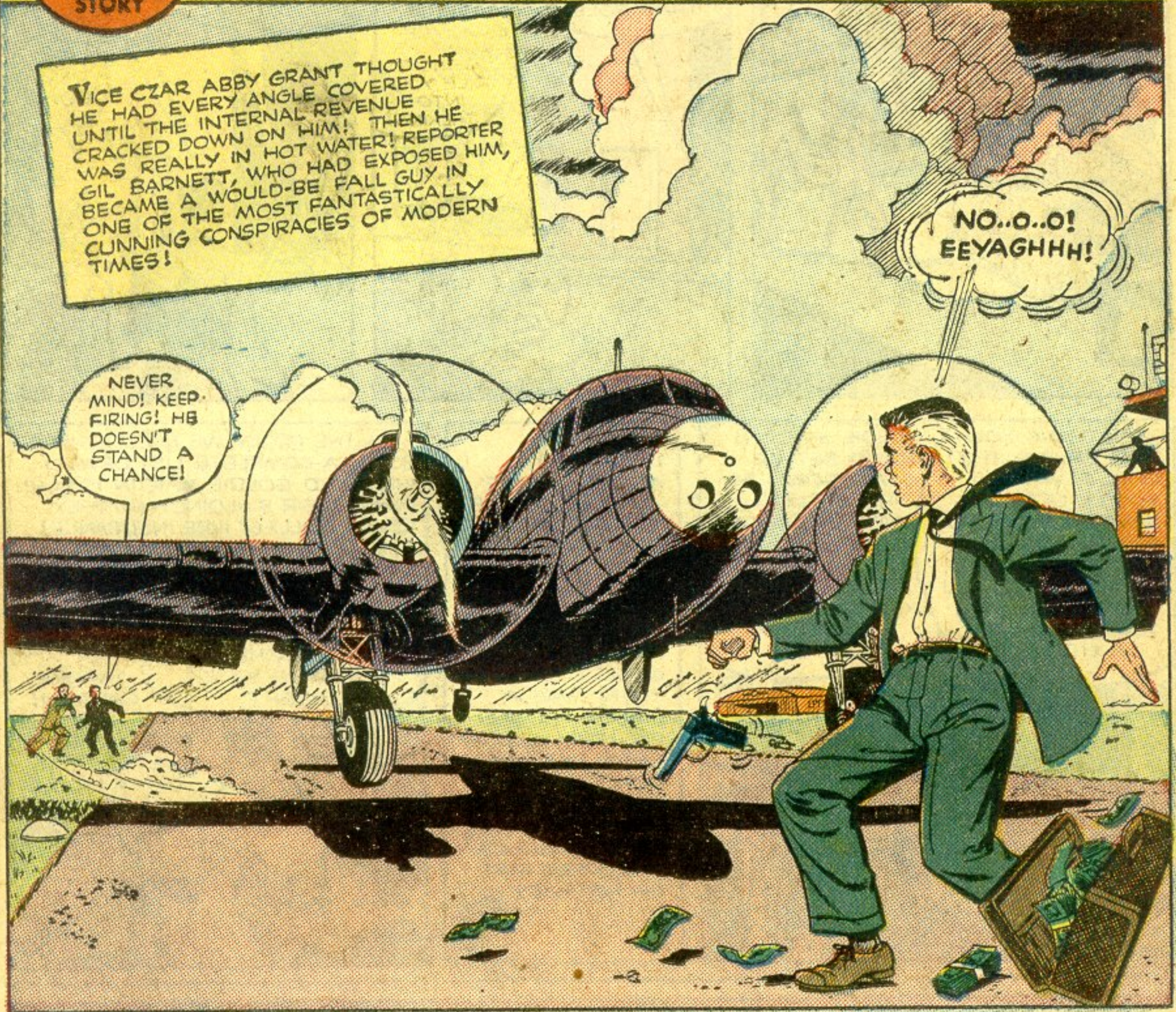
RACKET KING ABBY GRANT TRIED TO USE REPORTER GIL BARNETT AS A FALL GUY, BUT IT LED TO

THE FRAME-UP THAT BACKFIRED

VICE CZAR ABBY GRANT THOUGHT HE HAD EVERY ANGLE COVERED UNTIL THE INTERNAL REVENUE CRACKED DOWN ON HIM! THEN HE CRACKED DOWN ON HIM! THEN HE WAS REALLY IN HOT WATER! REPORTER GIL BARNETT, WHO HAD EXPOSED HIM, BECAME A WOULD-BE FALL GUY IN ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTICALLY CUNNING CONSPIRACIES OF MODERN TIMES!

NEVER MIND! KEEP FIRING! HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!

NO...O...O!
EEYAGHHH!



THE MAY 10TH, 1947 EDITION OF THE NEW YORK CLARION HAD AN EDITORIAL THAT GREATLY AROUSED RACKET'S CZAR ABBY GRANT...

"AND IT IS IRONY AT ITS FINEST THAT GRANT, WHO HAS SUCCESSFULLY COVERED UP HIS CONNECTION WITH EVERY EVIL VICE IN THIS CITY, SHOULD BE INDICTED BY UNCLE SAM FOR INCOME TAX FRAUD-EVASION OF TAX PAYMENT ON HIS ONE LEGITIMATE BUSINESS, REAL ESTATE, WHICH HAS LONG SERVED AS A FRONT FOR HIS ILLEGAL OPERATIONS..."

I'LL SUE YOUR CLARION FOR THIS!

"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DEMAND THAT THE ATTORNEY GENERAL THROW THE BOOK AT THIS GREEDY PARASITE, WHO HAS GROWN FAT ON..."

STOP! THAT'S ENOUGH! BARNETT, I'LL PUT THAT LYING RAG YOU WORK FOR OUT OF BUSINESS! I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM PROVE I'M CONNECTED WITH ANY VICE! WHY HASN'T THAT WEASEL WHO WROTE THE EDITORIAL THE GUTS TO SAY THAT TO MY FACE?

HE HAS, GRANT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I WROTE IT! YOU PUT THE PRESSURE ON ME, BROTHER, AND I WILL PROVE EVERY STATEMENT I MADE! YOU DIDN'T MIND BEING CALLED THE CITY'S TOP BOOKIE BEFORE! NO, YOU LIKED THE PUBLICITY—IT BROUGHT YOU BUSINESS...

GET OUT OF HERE, BARNETT!

IT DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER YOU WHEN THE CLARION Labeled YOU "KING OF THE KILLERS"! WELL, GO ON AND SUE, GRANT—MAYBE WE'LL HANG A MURDER RAP ON YOU, TOO! ASK YOUR MOUTHPIECE—HE KNOWS WE CAN DO IT!

BEAT IT, BARNETT, BEFORE IT'S YOUR MURDER THEY TRY TO HANG ON ME!

ENOUGH, GRANT! HE'S TRYING TO RILE YOU INTO TALKING!

I JUST LEFT YOUR BOSS! HE GAVE ME THE IDEA THAT I'M NOT WELCOME AROUND HERE ANY MORE!

PLEASE, GIL—YOU'D BETTER GO! HE'S A DANGEROUS MAN!

I'LL GO, SWEETHEART! JUST TELL ME ONE THING! A FEW MONTHS AGO, GRANT FIRED HIS BOOKKEEPER, JOE CURRY—FOR SWIPING SOME MONEY! THEN CURRY TIPPED OFF THE GOVERNMENT OF GRANT'S REAL EARNINGS AND GRANT WILL BE STUCK FOR \$50,000 IN TAXES! WHAT WAS CURRY'S MOTIVE?

I DON'T KNOW, GIL—UNLESS FOR REVENGE, OR POSSIBLY BLACKMAIL! YOU'D BETTER GO NOW!

WELL, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! JOE CURRY HIMSELF—WALKING RIGHT INTO THE LION'S DEN! DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS GRANT IS GOING TO TRY TO BUY HIM OFF!

GOING DOWN!

GO BACK TO YOUR LAW BOOKS, LEWIS! FIND SOME LOOP-HOLE TO SQUEEZE ME OUT OF THIS MESS!

DON'T BE A FOOL, GRANT! YOU'RE IN DEEP ENOUGH AS IT IS! IF YOU TRY TO BRIBE CURRY OR ANYTHING ELSE, YOU'LL REALLY BE IN TROUBLE!

A FINE LAWYER YOU ARE, LEWIS! AFRAID OF LOSING YOUR BIGGEST CLIENT? BLOW, OR I'LL HAVE YOU BACK CHASING AMBULANCES!

SORRY, MISS WILLIAMS—I CAN'T SEEM TO CONTROL MY TEMPER, TODAY! OH...YOU'D BETTER TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF! JUST PLUG IN AN OUTSIDE LINE FOR ME!

YES, MR. GRANT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WELL, JOE CURRY! I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE, BUT I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO PAY ME A VISIT! ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

Y...YOU KNOW WHY I CAME, MR. GRANT! I GOT A PHONE CALL FROM YOUR GUNMAN, BUZZER KROY! HE SAID IF I DIDN'T SHOW UP, OR IF I TOLD THE COPS YOU SENT FOR ME, SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO MY FAMILY!



FIRST, YOU STOLE FROM ME FOR THEM, THEN YOU TIPPED OFF THE INTERNAL REVENUE BUREAU ABOUT MY TAXES— THAT FAMILY MUST MEAN A LOT TO YOU, JOE!

I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF THEY DIDN'T...



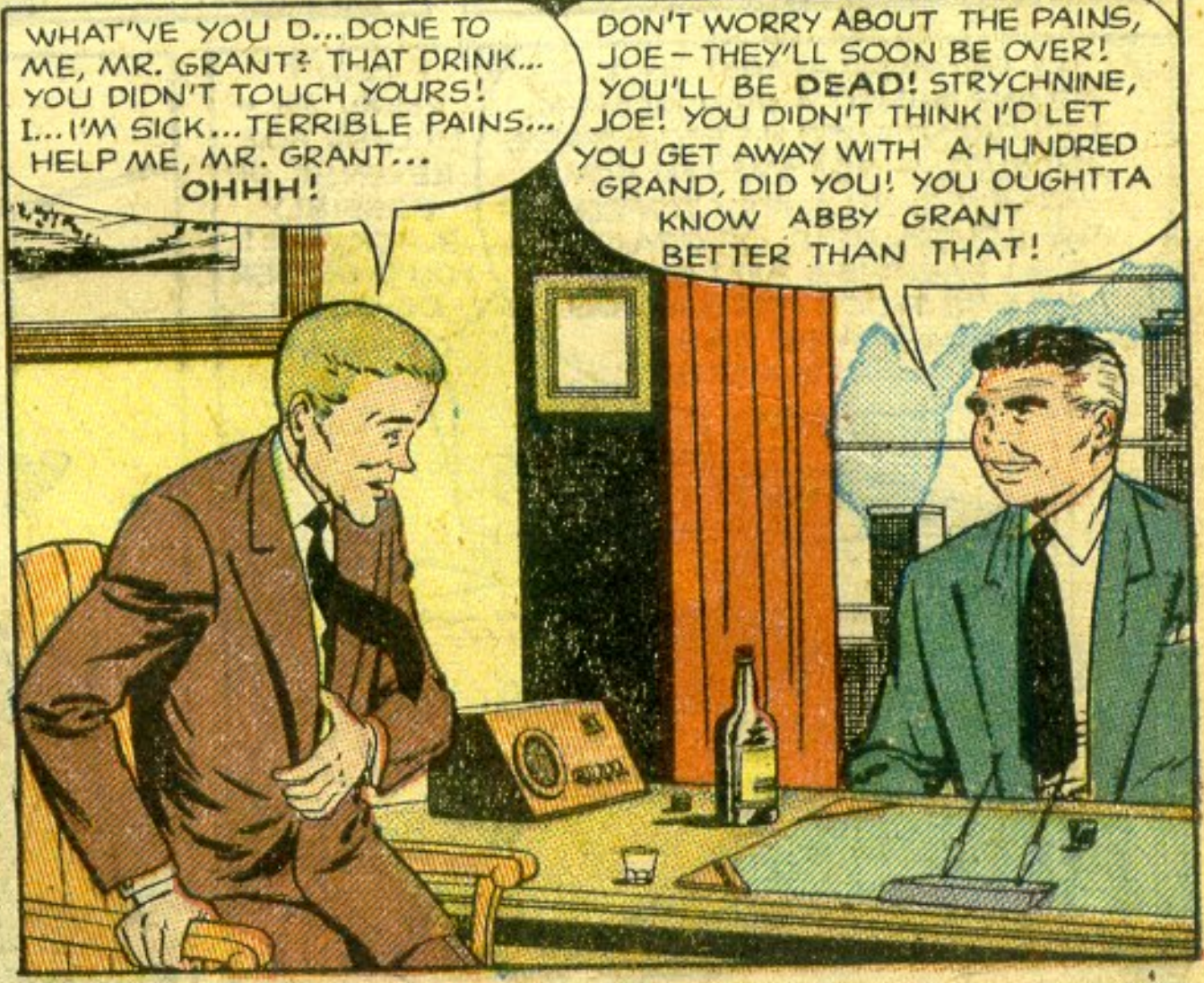
YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO THEM BEFORE YOU SQUEALED ON ME! HOWEVER, THAT'S WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE! JOE, IF YOU DON'T TESTIFY, THE GOVERNMENT WILL HAVE A TOUGH CASE PROVING ANYTHING! I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED GRAND TO DISAPPEAR FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS!

OKAY, GRANT! BUT I DON'T TRUST YOU! YOU'VE WELCHED ON PEOPLE BEFORE! I WANT THE MONEY IN CASH, IN ONE HUNK!



IT'S A DEAL, JOE! SAY, I COULD USE A DRINK! LET'S HAVE ONE TO CELEBRATE! THEN I'LL GO GET YOU THE CASH!

I...I HOPE SO, MR. GRANT... I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT YOU! IT WAS FOR MY FAMILY! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A JOB...



WHAT'VE YOU D...DONE TO ME, MR. GRANT? THAT DRINK... YOU DIDN'T TOUCH YOURS! I...I'M SICK... TERRIBLE PAINS... HELP ME, MR. GRANT... OHHH!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE PAINS, JOE — THEY'LL SOON BE OVER! YOU'LL BE DEAD! STRYCHNINE, JOE! YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU GET AWAY WITH A HUNDRED GRAND, DID YOU! YOU OUGHTTA KNOW ABBY GRANT BETTER THAN THAT!



HELLO, BUZZER! THIS IS GRANT! I HAVE A BIG PACKAGE HERE I WANT YOU AND A COUPLE OF THE BOYS TO PICK UP! ...OH, ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FORTY POUNDS! THAT'S RIGHT! TONIGHT WILL DO VERY NICELY— ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK!



IT WAS NEAR MIDNIGHT THAT SAME DAY WHEN GIL BARNETT CALLED ON CAPTAIN TOM McCORD AND LIEUTENANT BENNY WILSON AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

I'VE CALLED JOE CURRY'S WIFE ABOUT A DOZEN TIMES TODAY SINCE I SAW HIM! HE HASN'T COME HOME YET! MRS. CURRY IS WORRIED AND SHE HAS GOOD REASON TO BE!

SHE SURE HAS, BARNETT! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW...



KNEW. WHAT? HAS HE BEEN MURDERED?

YOU'RE A MIND READER! WE FOUND CURRY'S BODY IN A DITCH ON LONG ISLAND ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO! THE MEDICAL EXAMINER SAYS THERE WAS ENOUGH STRYCHNINE IN HIM TO KILL A DOZEN MEN! HE'S BEEN DEAD ABOUT TEN HOURS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TEN HOURS AGO JOE CURRY WAS IN GRANT'S OFFICE, WILSON! IF HE GOT A DOSE OF POISON, THAT'S WHERE GRANT FED IT TO HIM! WE MAY FIND SOME TRACE OF THE STUFF THERE IF WE LOOK FOR IT!

THAT'S KIND OF A LONG SHOT, BARNETT! IT'S NOT LIKELY HE'D LEAVE EVIDENCE AROUND FOR ANYBODY TO PICK UP.. WELL, IT WON'T HURT TO LOOK! I'D REALLY LIKE TO HANG ONE ON THAT OVERSTUFFED PIG! COME ON, I'LL HAVE TO GET A SEARCH WARRANT FIRST!

I DIDN'T THINK THAT WAS TOO BRIGHT AN IDEA OF YOURS, BARNETT... NOW WE'VE MESS'D UP GRANT'S OFFICE, FORCED HIS DESK DRAWER OPEN! HE'LL HAVE A LEGITIMATE BEEF AGAINST US!

THE HECK HE WILL! TAKE A WHIFF OF THIS STUFF WILSON!

BY GOLLY, BARNETT! THIS IS IT! STRYCHNINE! WE'RE GOING BACK DOWN-TOWN—I'M GOING TO GET A WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST!

WARRANT, NUTS! IF YOU DON'T NAB HIM SOON YOU'RE LIABLE TO HAVE TO GET EXTRADITION PAPERS TO BRING HIM BACK FROM SINGAPORE OR SOME PLACE!

ABBY GRANT SEEMED TO HAVE ANTICIPATED HIS ARREST! HE HAD HIS TRIGGER MAN, BUZZER KROY, KEEP A VIGIL ALL EVENING IN HIS SWANK EAST 51ST STREET APARTMENT...

YOU WERE RIGHT, BOSS! I SEE THAT FLATFOOT BENNY WILSON HEADING THIS WAY... AND LOOK WHO'S WITH HIM! YOUR REPORTER PAL, GIL BARNETT!

HA! HA! PERFECT! YOU GET THE PICTURE, BUZZER? I'D'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF JOE CURRY'S DEATH ANYHOW! NOW I HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE FOOLS OUT OF BARNETT AND THE POLICE! RUN UP TO MY BEDROOM AND PHONE DR. BENZLEY! TELL HIM TO HAVE EVERYTHING READY! THEN TEND TO THAT OTHER BUSINESS AT THE REPORTER'S PLACE!

GRANT, I HAVE A WARRANT!

AH? YOU WANT ME TO GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, WITH YOU, WILSON? OF COURSE! LET ME PUT ON MY JACKET! BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

WILSON AND BARNETT ACCOMPANIED ABBY GRANT TO THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN R. LLOYD, NO LITTLE CONCERNED BY THE RACKETEER'S CONFIDENT MANNER!

THE BOTTLE BEFORE YOU CONTAINS STRYCHNINE, GRANT! IT WAS TAKEN FROM YOUR DESK DRAWER A SHORT WHILE AGO! YOU HAD A VISITOR TODAY, A MAN NAMED JOE CURRY! HE WAS FOUND DEAD OF STRYCHNINE POISONING EARLIER THIS EVENING, AND...

AND YOU'VE NEATLY TIED IT ALL TOGETHER, PROVING THAT I MURDERED HIM? NON-SENSE! IN JUST ONE MINUTE, I'LL PROVE THAT YOU'RE WRONG! GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE!

WHAT THE DEVIL?

GRANT! DON'T! YOU'RE CRAZY!

YES, THERE WAS SOME STRYCHNINE IN THE BOTTLE—AMONG OTHER COMPONENTS, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY... PRESCRIBED BY MY PHYSICIAN AS A NERVE TONIC! YOU DON'T THINK I'D BE FOOL ENOUGH TO DRINK IT IF I HAD USED THE SAME STUFF TO KILL A MAN, DO YOU? NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME! IT'S PAST MY BEDTIME!

BARNETT—I THINK IT'S PAST YOURS, TOO! I HOPE YOU SLEEP FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS OR SO!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ABBEY GRANT DIDN'T GO HOME RIGHT AWAY; AS SOON AS HE LEFT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, HE TOOK A TAXI TO THE OFFICE OF DR. ROSS HENZLEY! BUZZER KROY WAS WAITING THERE FOR HIM...

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE STUPIFIED LOOK ON THEIR FACES WHEN I SWALLOWED THAT STRYCHNINE! HA!HA! CAN'T SAY I EXACTLY ENJOYED EATING FIFTEEN EGGS TO PUT A COATING ON MY STOMACH!

IT MAY BE VERY AMUSING, ABBY, BUT YOU WON'T THINK SO IF YOU DON'T LIE DOWN ON THAT TABLE AND LET ME GET TO WORK WITH THIS STOMACH PUMP!



UGH! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! NOT AS BAD AS GOING TO THE CHAIR, HOWEVER! BUZZER, DID YOU GET THOSE THINGS?

STAY DOWN, ABBY! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES!

IT'S IN THE BAG, BOSS - IN THE BAG!



LOOK CHIEF, YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME ALONG! JUST TELL ME WHO TO VISIT AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

WE'RE GOING OVER TO MAX RYAN'S PLACE - HE'S ONE GUY I'D JUST AS SOON SEE DEAD, ANYHOW! THAT'S THE PART YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF, BUZZER! I'M GOING TO PLANT THE STUFF YOU SWIPED FROM GIL BARNETT'S APARTMENT! I'LL FRAME THAT GUY SO GOOD HE'LL THINK HE WAS FRAMED BY REMBRANDT!



THERE WAS NEVER ANY LOVE LOST BETWEEN ABBY GRANT AND BEN RYAN, HIS CHIEF RIVAL IN BOOK-MAKING AND OTHER RACKET-SO RYAN WAS TO BE THE VICTIM OF THE FRAME-UP AGAINST REPORTER BARNETT...

WHY, YOU'RE NO COPPER! HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, RYAN!

I HAD TO SAY WE WAS COPS, RYAN, OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE INVITED US IN, SEE! GET BACK IN THERE, STUPID!

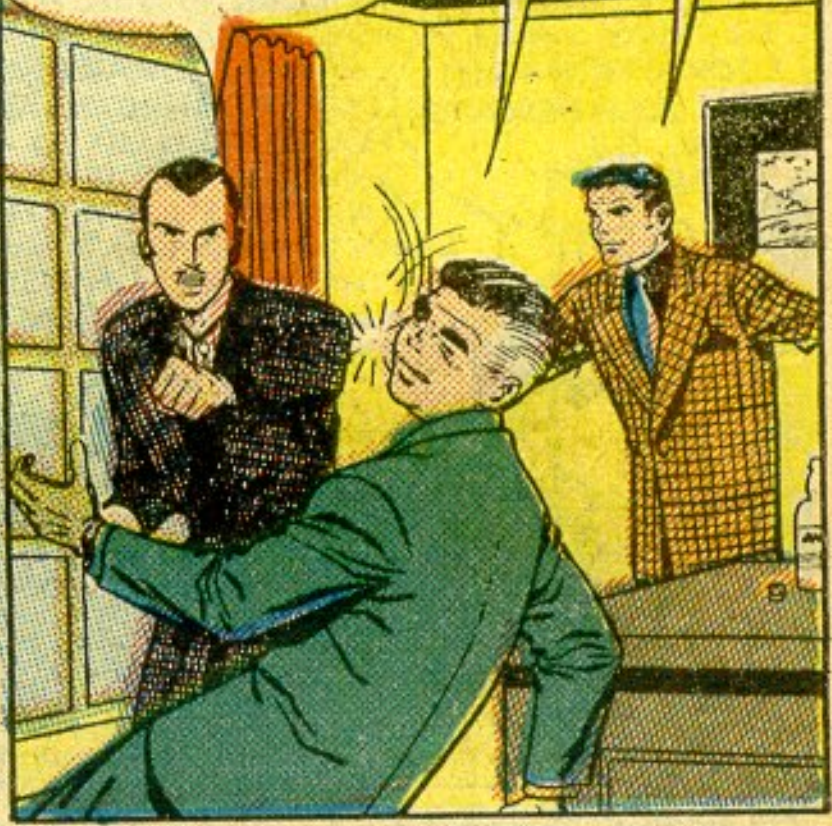
WHAT'S THE PITCH, GRANT? IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, YOU KNOW I GOT FRIENDS!

HOW NICE! YOU'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO MOURN YOUR PASSING! HOWEVER, IF YOU PREFER TO LIVE, PERHAPS YOU'LL SIT DOWN OVER A COUPLE OF DRINKS AND DISCUSS OUR DIFFERENCES LIKE A GENTLEMAN!



YOU THINK I'M NUTS, GRANT? I HEARD OVER THE RADIO WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE CURRY! NOT FOR ME, WISE GUY! OUT OF MY WAY!

UGH! BUZZER! I'LL GET HIM, BOSS!



LET GO OF ME, YOU CHEAP HOOD!

OWW! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT, RYAN!

DON'T SHOOT, BUZZER - DON'T SHOOT HIM!



NOW, BUZZER, SLUG HIM!

I'LL BUST YOU WIDE OPEN, YOU FAT SWINE!



YOU DON'T DIE, EASY, DO YOU, RYAN?

AGHHHH...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

GRANT! I THINK HE'S DEAD!

SO WHAT? IT'S ABOUT TIME! I'LL LEAVE MY BUSINESS CARD-IT'LL LOOK LIKE A SURE FRAME! COME ON-I HAVE ONE MORE THING TO DO-CALL THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING A WARRANT WAS ISSUED FOR THE ARREST OF THE CLARION'S STAR CRIME REPORTER, GIL BARNETT! HE WAS TAKEN TO DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN R. LLOYD.

I'VE HAD JUST TWO HOURS OF SLEEP BECAUSE OF YOU, BARNETT! BUT I'M NOT TOO TIRED TO KNOW A FRAME WHEN I SEE ONE! I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU INDICTED FOR THE MURDER OF BENNY RYAN!

FOR WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY, LLOYD! WHY WOULD I KILL RYAN?

YOU AND YOUR PAPER HAVE BEEN TRYING TO HANG SOMETHING ON ABBY GRANT FOR YEARS! SO YOU FRAMED A MURDER ON HIM! YES-PLANTING GRANT'S CARD WAS SUCH AN OBVIOUS GAG, IT WAS DUMB! YOU TRIED TO GET RYAN TO DRINK SOME LIQUOR WITH STRYCHNINE IN IT, BUT HE WOULDN'T TUMBLE, SO YOU CRACKED HIS SKULL WITH A CHAIR!

HEY, LAY OFF! WHAT'S THE IDEA, LLOYD!

THESE GLASSES HAVE YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON THEM-YOU FORGOT TO WIPE THEM OFF! AMATEURS SHOULDN'T TRY MURDER, BARNETT! BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, I'LL PROBABLY PROVE YOU FED STRYCHNINE TO JOE CURRY, TOO! LOCK HIM UP, BOYS!

ALL THE HEADLINES, ALL THE INDICTMENTS IN THE WORLD COULD NOT CONVINCE GRANT'S SECRETARY, ANN WILLIAMS, THAT GIL BARNETT HAD COMMITTED THE MURDER! THE FOLLOWING MORNING SHE DID HER BEST TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE!

AH, THERE YOU ARE, LEWIS! COME RIGHT IN-YOU, TOO, BUZZER! THAT WILL BE ALL FOR NOW, MISS WILLIAMS!

THEN WHILE BARNETT WAS DOWN AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE WITH ME, BUZZER WAS OVER AT HIS FLAT SWIPING THE GLASSES WE PLANTED IN BENNY RYAN'S PLACE...

GRANT, I'VE DEFENDED YOU WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE GUILTY-ONLY BECAUSE I TOOK YOUR WORD FOR IT THAT YOU WEREN'T-BUT COUNT ME OUT ON THIS DEAL!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO! DON'T YOU PULL ETHICS ON ME! SO I DID POISON JOE CURRY! BUZZER KROY AND I KILLED BENNY RYAN! NOW, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT...GO TO THE COPS?

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, BOSS, PIPE DOWN! YOU LEFT THE SWITCH FOR THE INTERCOM ON!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, KROY? I NEVER LEFT THAT SWITCH ON!

SOMEBODY DID, BOSS! I BETTER SEE WHAT GOES ON OUTSIDE!

YOU PULLED A CUTIE, EH, MISS WILLIAMS? YOU BEEN LISTENIN' TO THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HEARD!

THAT'S TOO BAD FOR HER, BUZZER! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF HER REPEATING WHAT I SAID IN THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU'RE COMING FOR A LITTLE RIDE OUT INTO THE COUNTRY WITH ME, BABY! I'M PUTTING THIS GUN INTO MY COAT POCKET, BUT IT'LL STILL BE POINTED RIGHT AT YOUR BACK! YOU LET OUT ONE PEEP, AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST! NOW MARCH!

GRANT, I WON'T HAVE ANY PART OF THIS! YOU'VE GONE OUT OF YOUR MIND! OOH!

AAH... SHUTUP!

IS... IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I TURN DOWN MY WINDOW... I NEED SOME AIR!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT WINDOW!

YOU NUTTY DAME! LET GO OF THE WHEEL—LOOK OUT! WE'RE GONNA CRASH!

I... I'M ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP GIL BARNETT! I'VE GOT IT ALL ON THIS CYLINDER... ABBY GRANT MURDERED THAT MAN—I HEARD HIM... I HELD THE DICTAPHONE TO THE INTERCOM ON MY DESK!

TAKE IT EASY, LADY! HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DRIVER? WHY DID HE RUN OFF?

LATER, AT GRANT'S OFFICE...

SHE YANKED THE WHEEL AND WE CRASHED, BOSS! THERE WAS A COP—I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING! LISTEN, THAT SKIRT RECORDED EVERYTHING YOU SAID ON THE DICTAPHONE! SHE HAD THE CYLINDER IN HER PURSE, AND HANDED IT TO THAT COP!

WE GOTTA SKIP, BUZZER! GET OVER TO THE AIRPORT AND BUY TWO TICKETS TO CUBA OR MEXICO! I'M GOING OVER TO THE BANK AND EMPTY MY VAULT! I'LL BE THERE IN AN HOUR!

A HALF AN HOUR LATER AT DISTRICT ATTORNEY LLOYD'S OFFICE...

SO I DID POISON JOE CURRY! BUZZER KROY AND I KILLED RYAN! NOW...

GRANT IS TO MEET BUZZER KROY AT THE AIRPORT! NOW, I REMEMBER I CAME HERE OF MY OWN FREE WILL!

SAVE IT, LEWIS! WILSON, TAKE ANOTHER MAN OUT TO THE AIRPORT! AND TAKE BARNETT WITH YOU! HE DESERVES A SCOOP ON THIS STORY!

MAY I GO ALONG?

STAY HERE, HONEY! THERE MAY BE TROUBLE!

THERE'S GRANT AND KROY OUT THERE ON THE FIELD! LET'S GET 'EM! IF ONE FLASHES A GUN—SHOOT TO KILL!

THEY FIRED! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

NEVER MIND! THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT PLANE COMING IN!

Aiiii!!!

I CAN'T FIGURE PEOPLE SOMETIMES, BARNETT! A LOT OF THEM LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE READY TO FAINT WHEN THE PLANE CRASHED INTO THEM! WHEN GRANT'S SUITCASE BROKE OPEN AND THE MONEY BEGAN TO FLY, THEY FORGOT THEIR HORROR IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE FOR THE LOOT!

YEAH! ALL I CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT AMONG THOSE PEOPLE ARE SOME OF THE CHUMPS WHO DROPPED THEIR HARD EARNED DOUGH IN GRANT'S BOOKIE JOINTS

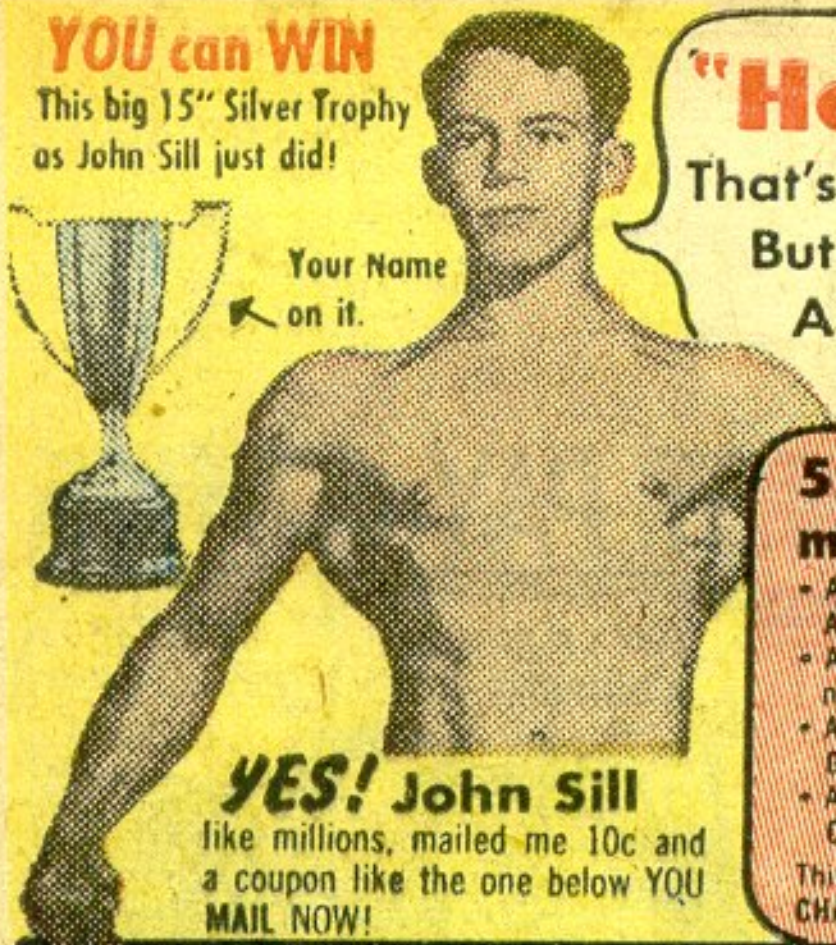
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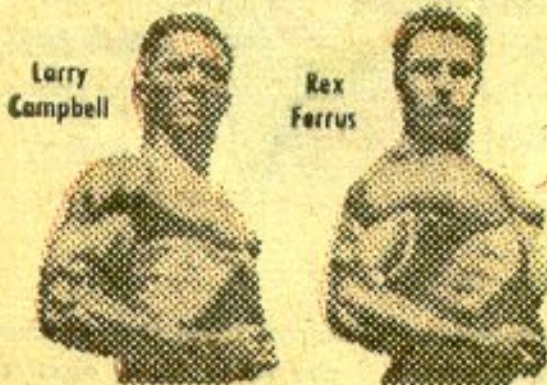
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